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AUGUST, 1897

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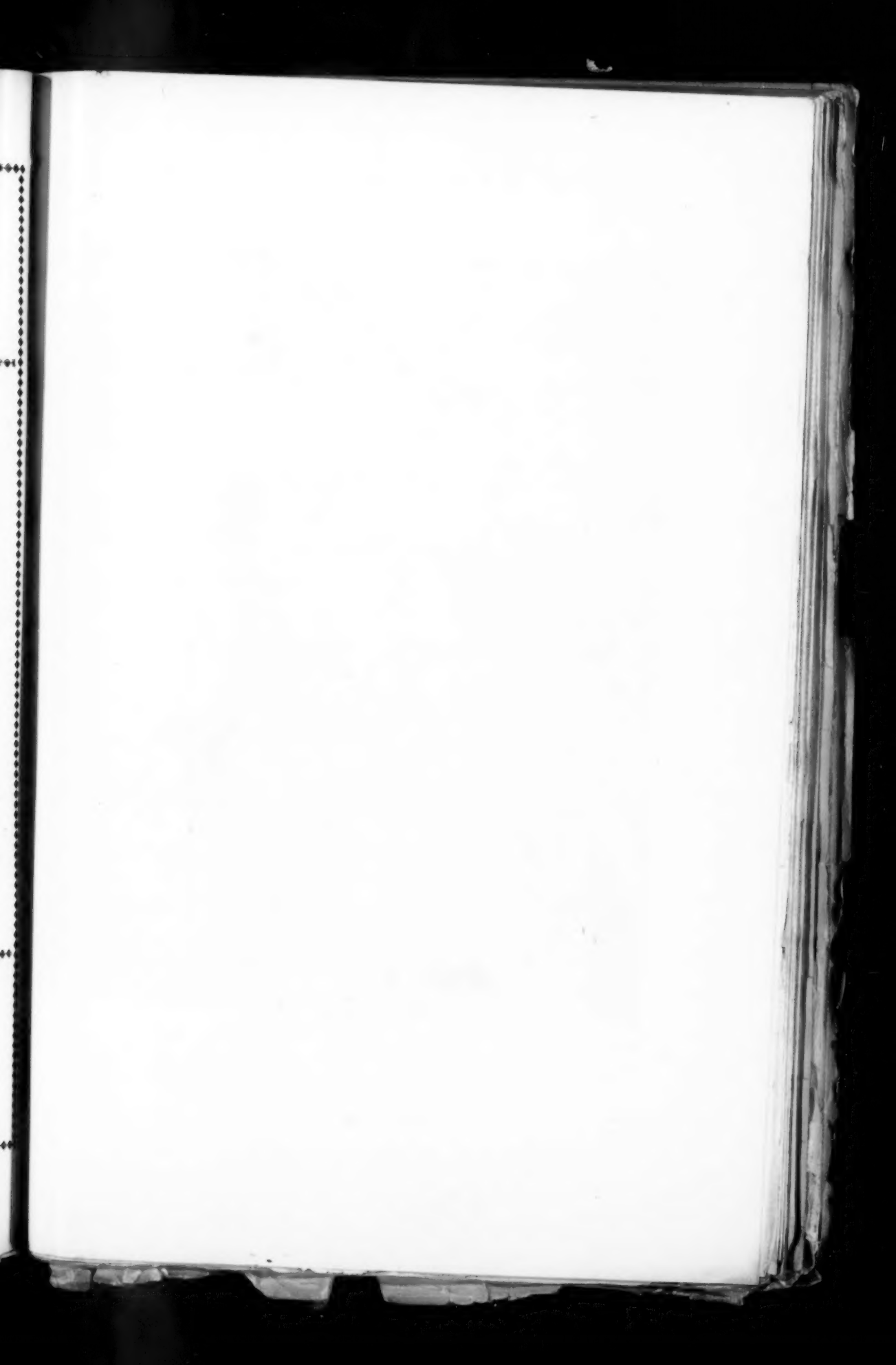
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Painted by Murillo

The Virgin

Arthur's Home Magazine

VOL. XLVI

AUGUST, 1897

No. 8

VELASQUEZ AND MURILLO

The names of Velasquez and Murillo bring before us the finest period of Spanish art. The history of their lives presents a rare picture of appreciation and reward. It has too often been the fate of genius to toil unrecognized and unrequited, discouraged and sore-hearted, yet driven onward by the power of the mighty force within; while perchance over the lonely grave ring, in after years, the plaudits of the nations, and the laurel crown which should have graced the living brow withers upon the sod or marble of a tomb.

It is with pleasure that one enters upon a brief sketch of two men so deservedly successful in their profession, and whose worthy lives seem to bear the closest scrutiny; fair contrast to those over whose private character we must draw a veil while we cannot withhold an admiration of their gifts.

If one may venture such a distinction it seems as if literature was the fruitage of the northern art of the southern mind. Even the great Dante suggests the region of ice and snow, while the tropic exuberance of a Rubens belongs rather to a land of sunshine and flowers.

Into this country of light and perfume the young Velasquez was born in June, 1599, also the natal year of the great Dutch painter, Van Dyck. He was of a noble Portuguese family,

and, according to a curious Spanish custom, bore the name of his mother rather than his father, Inan Rodrigo de Silva. He was baptized Diego Rodriguez. His childhood was free from privation, and he soon showed the vent of his mind, which does not, as in so many cases, seem to have met with parental opposition, as he was early placed in the studio of Herrera, an artist of some note.

Velasquez had many predecessors, but no superiors in his chosen profession.

Castro, Fernandez and others were names of earlier repute, and the last mentioned is said to have introduced into Spain painting in oils and frescos.

The different schools of Valencia, Toledo and Seville were distinguished by their coloring and manner.

Both church and court patronized art. The church exercised a strict censorship over palette and brush. Says a writer on this subject in the time of Philip IV.: "For the learned and the lettered written knowledge may suffice; but for the ignorant what master is like painting? They may read their duty in a picture, although they cannot search for it in books."

Hence in early times many irksome restrictions were laid down. "Angels must not be represented with beards or without wings. The Virgin must

not have her feet uncovered. She must have golden hair and be endowed with all imaginable beauty. The Saviour was not to be represented naked in his mother's arms, because his father, Joseph, was at all times well enough off to find clothes for him. It was forbidden even to paint saints in the costume of the day, probably because that costume was adopted by Dutch artists who were known to have distinctly Protestant leanings." That these rules were relaxed or abandoned later is proved by the many pictures of subsequent masters. Yet while we smile at their absurdity we may do justice to the spirit of devotion which they evince and perhaps even admit that some embargo might, with advantage, be laid on the laxity of modern art.

From the studio of Herrera, whose violent temper drove from him not only his pupils but at times even his servants, Velasquez was transferred to that of Pacheco, who became master, friend, and, eventually, father-in-law.

So marked and independent, however, was the spirit of his genius that less than most artists does Velasquez show the impress of his instructor. While the great Raphael's early paintings bore resemblance to those of his master or model Perugino, Velasquez seems, from the first to have been "a law unto himself." In preference to copying Raphael and other like tasks set him he devoted his time to painting the various objects he saw around and hired a peasant boy for his servant that he might be continually making sketches of the varying expressions of his face. Hence, doubtless, came the mastery for which Velasquez was distinguished in his rendition of the human countenance.

Romance gives a clue to his lingering so long beneath the tutelage of one whom he rapidly surpassed. The young and probably beautiful Inana, daughter of the house, won his heart. Screened as was the Spanish maiden from contact with the male sex, there

may have been occasional opportunities for personal intercourse with her father's pupil.

"Smiling soft, perchance, and dreamy through the wavings of her fan," she captivated her Romeo; herself as young as the Italian, Juliet, for at the time of their marriage, five years after Velasquez entered the studio of Pacheco, he was but nineteen.

Fancy's facile brush sketches for us a series of pictures. The meetings of the lovers. The dark-eyed Inana, draped in the graceful mantilla (past, present and, let us hope, future decoration of the fair ones of Spain), leaning from her iron balcony under a moonlit sky, and midst the perfume of flowers, for a word or glance from the stripling below.

A slight, lithe figure, waving locks, brown eyes and firm lips, with a pleasant smile, suggest Velasquez, as he then appeared. For once the course of that unquiet stream "true love" ran smooth. Pacheco gladly bestowed his daughter's hand upon his favorite pupil. Their attachment seems to have been very enduring, for we read that so broken-hearted was Inana at Velasquez' death that she survived him less than two weeks. The year of their marriage saw the birth of Spain's other greatest artist, Murillo.

But Velasquez was now anxious to extend his opportunities and experiences. Accompanied by his father-in-law and well supplied with introductions he made his way, in 1623, to Madrid. His work was already favorably known, but his greatest triumphs lay before him.

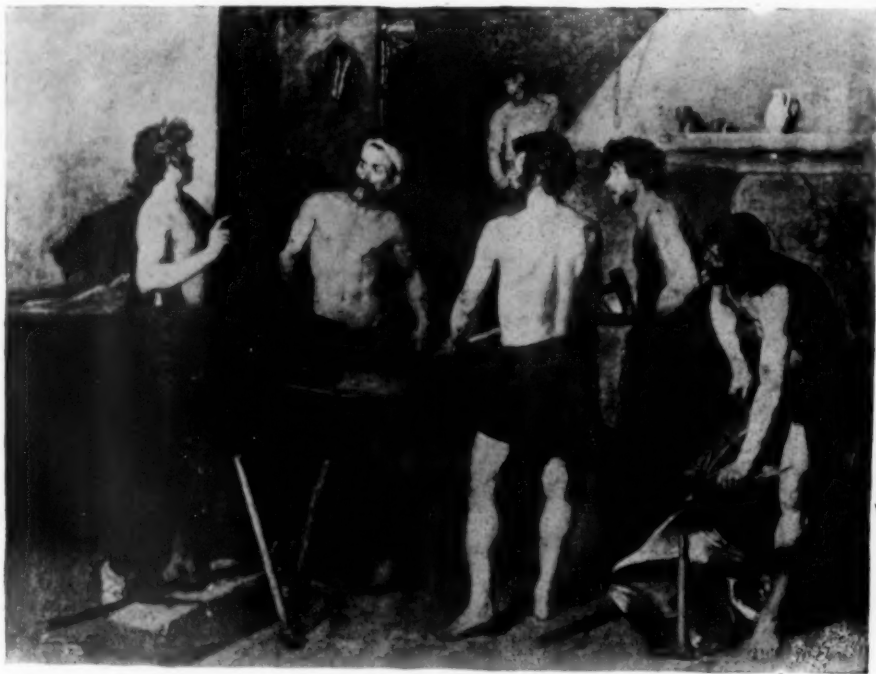
Philip the Fourth of Spain was to an unusual degree a patron of art, the more appreciative because he himself had some little skill with pencil and brush. To literature also he lent encouragement, and the famed Lope de Vega was at this time a well-known figure at Court. The Queen was Isabella de Bourbon, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France. Few monarchs have ever had their lineaments so faithfully rendered by the hand of

genius as this Spanish king. It may be, indeed, a matter almost of regret that Velasquez devoted so much of his time to portraiture, leaving less scope for his talents in the wider field of imagination.

His letters of introduction at once procured him influential friends, among whom was the great Minister

Delighted with the success of his son-in-law and pupil, Pacheco wrote a sonnet in his praise, and other authors also laid poetic tributes at the feet of the popular favorite.

The king now ordered a competitive struggle. The various artists should paint a subject selected by him, "The Expulsion of the Moors," and



Forge of Vulcan

Velasquez

Olivarez. His first portrait of one of the officers of the Court being exhibited at the palace attracted great attention and immediately brought him to the notice of the king. A real friendship seems to have existed between the two, and it is creditable to both that in the (perhaps well-deserved) disgrace of Olivarez, the king took no offense at Velasquez for continuing to show his former patron both gratitude and respect.

Velasquez was triumphantly pronounced victor. This picture, unfortunately, has perished. Our hero was next appointed "Usher of the Royal Chambers," and received in succession other valuable offices. His hours were divided between painting the royal family and various members of the Court and his (possibly irksome) official duties.

1629. It was about this time that Rubens made his visit to Spain, and

*Portrait of Count Benavente*

Velázquez

the two congenial spirits had many opportunities for intercourse. There seems little doubt that to this (in some degree at least) Velázquez owed his subsequent journey to the Mecca of painters and sculptors—Italy. As a result of the voyage Velázquez painted the fine portrait of Spinola, Captain General of the Spanish forces in Flanders, who was his fellow traveler. At all points of his journey our artist was treated with great consideration, royally lodged, and given free admission to all works of the great masters. Ti-

tian was his pronounced favorite, and Tintoretto, whose subtle charm even the uninitiated can feel, was also an object of admiration. His own brush was not idle, and many superb copies and originals are to be traced to this period. A story is told of one of Velázquez' servants, a slave, that he so successfully imitated some of his master's work that the king set him free.

In Italy, Velázquez had the advantage denied him at home of studying from the nude, especially the female figure, but, perhaps, owing to lack of

early opportunity he never deemed himself successful in this branch and his female portraits are comparatively few.

In Italy, also, he became intimate with his fellow artist and countryman, Ribera.

His return, in 1631, was, perhaps, hastened by the fear that some other artist might supplant him in the king's good graces. But Philip was faithful to his favorite, who again resumed his task of painting the royal family, and now produced a portrait of the young

Prince Balthazar Carlos. It was during this journey that Velasquez sent home to his family a portrait of himself, but, unfortunately, there seems no reliable evidence that it still exists.

Velasquez' influence with the king is shown by the fact that at the marriage of his daughter Francesca, he was allowed to resign one of his own offices in favor of his son-in-law, and later, when he had produced what by some is considered his masterpiece, "Les Meninas" The Maids of Honor, the king himself (so runs the



Princess Maria Theresa.

tale) decorated the figure of the artist in the background with the red cross of Santiago, Saint James, the patron saint of Spain. This was the coveted badge of knighthood, and only heretofore awarded to members of the nobility. The exact date of his admission to the order is, however, disputed.

It was about the year 1642 that Murillo came to Madrid. Velasquez, with the generosity of true genius, at once recognized the great talents of the younger artist and, charmed with him personally, took him under his own roof, and in every way lent him a helping hand.

In 1648 Velasquez again returned to Italy, commissioned by the king to purchase various works of art. On this occasion he painted a portrait of the Pope, Innocent Tenth, which, as well as a portrait of King Philip, previously painted, served as the models for a bronze bust of the Pope and statue of the king.

The publication of Pacheco's *Arte de la pintura* in 1649 deprives us of his valuable testimony as regards Velasquez, and from that period we have to trust to other authorities. The great painter's death occurred on Friday, August 6, 1660. Seeds of ill health may have taken root in his constitution from a fever he had during his first visit to Italy, and the fatigue attendant on his various duties as an official at the marriage of the Infanta of Spain to Louis the Fourteenth of France, doubtless overtaxed the strength of one who was no longer young.

His body lay in state in the costume of the Knights of Santiago; he was mourned by all; his obsequies were celebrated with much honor, and his faithful wife, dying soon after, was buried in the same grave.

Specimens of Velasquez' work may be seen in the public galleries and private collections of many European countries, though some are of doubtful authenticity. But it is in Spain, of course, that they are to be viewed in the greatest number and perfection.

He was an indefatigable toiler, leaving hundreds of pictures and sketches.

His race, save in the line of his eldest daughter, seems to be extinct. His numerous portraits of king and nobles left him little leisure for painting, and he did not apparently, as many other artists have done, use them as models of the Virgin, infant Christ and saints, and there seems to be but one fine picture of a group, presumably his own domestic circle. Less spiritual in his conceptions than some of the great masters, none surpassed him in the vivid and lifelike character of his delineations.

The king, it is said, once mistook a portrait standing in the corner of the studio for one of his admirals, who had been ordered to sea, and exclaimed: "What! Still here?"

As a colorist, also, Velasquez stands in the first ranks, avoiding either the sombreness of the Spanish schools or the too brilliant tones of many Italian and Dutch painters. The female dress of the times is to our modern ideas unpicturesque and ungraceful, but in his skillful hands it has both quaintness and piquancy. His landscapes also are pronounced by the authorities to be very charming, full of light and air.

Murillo's life affords less variety. Resembling Velasquez in skill and power he had his own individual excellencies. While the days of the former were spent in courts and palaces, those of the latter were chiefly passed among the monasteries and churches of his native town.

Bartolomé Esteban Murillo was born at Seville in 1617, in a house formerly belonging to a convent and possibly a part of the ancient building. Hence in his very infancy the aegis of the church to which he was so devoted seemed to be thrown over him.

His parents were of humble birth, his father, Gaspar Esteban, a mechanic, and before the age of ten the child was an orphan, passing into the charge of a relative who was large-minded enough to recognize the bent of his



Murillo

Education of the Virgin

genius. The boy was placed in the studio of Juan del Castillo, where his gentle nature and interest in his work won the friendship both of his master and fellow pupils.

Seville has been called "the pearl of Spanish cities," and with its superb cathedral, narrow, winding, yet picturesque streets, its graceful Moorish architecture and inner court-yards ablaze with the color and sweet with the breath of flowers was ever the beloved home of this gifted son. Nor

could the greater advantage of a residence in Madrid or the wonders of foreign galleries tempt him to prolonged absence. His own artistic perceptions and the opportunities afforded by the study of many old masters within his reach were sufficient for his guidance in the upward path to fame.

In 1640 his friend and instructor removed to Cadiz, and the next two years were a period of struggle and, perhaps, even of privation to the young painter. At this time it is prob-

able that he made special studies of the little street gamins for whose lifelike rendition he became celebrated. Now also he was forced to devote himself to the sort of painting known in modern parlance as "pot-boilers," which probably gave him facility, if it did not otherwise benefit him from an artistic point of view. The desire to go to Italy was awakened in his mind by some fellow-students returned from foreign travel and as a preliminary he made his way on foot to Madrid.

Received kindly by Velasquez, to whom he applied for advice, he set himself at once to the study of the finest pictures in the Madrid collection and astonished and delighted his new friend by his progress. Velasquez urged his going on to Rome and offered him valuable introductions, but in spite of its picture galleries and social advantages Madrid, with its new fresh look, fine houses, streets and squares, seemed to him but a poor exchange for his beautiful Seville. The thought of further travel ceased to attract, and distressed, as was Velasquez, by the fall of Olivarez and homesick doubtless for his beloved city, he returned thither and parted from the lady of his affections no more, save for a brief period, towards the close of his life, to execute some paintings in Cadiz.

Soon after his return to Seville, in 1645, he received an order to paint a series of pictures of various saints for a Franciscan convent. Perhaps here the good monks agreed to the stipulation, said to be common in Italy, that they should provide the ultramarine and gold (the more expensive colors), the artist supplying the rest. The commission was given with some hesitation to one as yet little known, but such was the power and beauty of the finished work that it drew upon him the favorable notice of both critics and populace, and henceforth his position was secure.

In 1648 he married a wealthy lady of noble birth, Donna Beatrix de Calvera y Sotomayor, whose property lay a short distance from Seville. That

she was also a devoted daughter of the Church may be inferred from the fact that their two sons and one daughter entered, respectively, monastery and convent.

We see that Murillo had some of the wisdom of the serpent combined with his noble traits from one story told of him. Certain friars at first complained that his work was a daub and refused to receive it, but he begged to be allowed to place it in the dome for which it was intended, where its excellence was at once recognized and admitted. He would not, however, permit them to retain the picture upon which they had cast a slur without payment of double the sum originally named.

Murillo had now become a man of position and means, the acknowledged head of the Sevillian school, and his house was frequented by all the distinguished people of his native town, as well as those who came from other places. In 1660 he succeeded in establishing a school of art, which he had long desired to do and was unsuccessfully attempted by Velasquez, but, whether from the jealousy of his assistants or other causes, he resigned the charge of it the following year.

As in the case of Velasquez, his slave Gomez so faithfully imitated his master's work that he was allowed to finish a picture Murillo had begun and received the grant of his freedom.

An invitation to the court of Madrid and overtures from Charles Second of England failed to induce Murillo to leave Seville. So warm was the appreciation won from his contemporaries that he was styled "A better Titian." He resided for long periods in the convents, where he worked, and the Franciscans were his most devoted patrons. He is said to have painted one of his finest Madonnas (now in the Seville Museum) for a lay brother who was cook at a convent. Canvas being lacking, the admiring friend furnished him with a napkin upon which to place his picture.

His visit to Cadiz in 1680 ended

disastrously, for there, or immediately after his return, he fell from a scaffolding on which he was painting and sustained injuries never recovered from. When no longer able to use his brush he would spend hours in prayer before

He died April 3, 1682, aged sixty-four (his wife having preceded him), and was buried at the foot of his favorite picture. Both rich and poor mourned his loss.

Murillo, like Velasquez, left a mul-



Murillo

The Divine Shepherd

Campana's celebrated "Descent from the Cross," in his parish church, and when asked by the sacristan one evening why he lingered so late, replied: "I am waiting until those men have brought the body of our blessed Lord down the ladder."

itude of pictures. Owing to the fact that he seldom signed them, many deceptions were practiced. He loved to paint children, and also dwelt much in the region of the imagination. Yet his Madonnas do not reach the refined and spiritual heights of some of his



Murillo

The Melon Eaters

Italian compeers. He was in particular the painter of the "Immaculate Conception," a doctrine then recently promulgated and received with great rejoicings in Spain. The majority of his paintings remain in his native country, but there are numerous examples elsewhere, and the large painting of this subject in the Louvre is perhaps familiar to many. He painted his own portrait several times in his youth, with dark eyes and flowing hair, a broad, high brow; well-cut features, full, curving lips, and small, square, cleft chin. Presumably his

wife and children served him as models, but we have no reliable information on the subject.

His manner of painting altered and improved; and his three styles are respectively termed the cold, the warm and the "vaporoso," or misty. The first chiefly distinguished his realistic renditions of low-class life, the second his Scripture pieces and saints, and the third his Virgins. He at one time united his figures with the landscapes of Triarte, called the "Claude Lorraine of Spain," but they soon parted. It is said that Murillo was no excep-

tion to the rule that all Spanish artists are good portrait painters, and his gray and misty landscapes have a pleasing effect. But it was in his raptures of saints, his little St. Johns, In-

fant Christs and his Virgins that he excelled. The expression, purity of tone and rich, soft color lead us into an ideal region of loveliness, and show us Nature at her best.

Leigh North.

VELASQUEZ AND MURILLO.

Pillars of Hercules were they, of Art
The leaders and the landmarks in old Spain,
As Calpe and his mate, so stood the twain
Colossi, frowning continents apart.
Fair promise was there of the temple's heart,
When such a portal vanguarded the fane,
But those who entered often turned again
And gazed upon the gateway's better part,
Even as the mariner, whose loosened sail
Hath veered and shivered in the Western seas,
And finds that time and toil will not avail
To bring him to the famed Hesperides
Returning, might Gibraltar's summits hail,
Saying, "I have seen naught surpassing these."



He felt about it, when he realized what a treasure she was, as a man feels when he has found a rare and precious gem, or an unknown planet, or a comet that no mortal eye, except his own, has gazed upon.

He wanted to hide her away and keep her beauty all for himself. He wanted to guard her jealously from the admiration of any other man. At first he regarded this feeling with simple amazement, and when he examined it and analyzed it critically and coolly, he labled it selfishness and tucked it away in a remote corner of his heart where it would never do any harm.

It was about this time that he began to impress upon his widowed sister the necessity of laying aside the mourning she had worn for twenty years. A little later, a ripple of excitement went over the neighborhood, when Mrs. Walsh and Kate Hamilton went abroad, while Dr. Haywood moved to a hotel down town, and the old red brick house was given over to a score of workmen under whose skillful hands it grew into a thing of beauty.

Dr. Haywood was not a society man, but he was a very popular one, and it had come to be a sort of standing custom to send invitations to him for whatever might be going on. For years he had acknowledged these in no way, but now in the absence of his ward and sister he began to go out a great deal, for a busy professional man.

He thought a great deal about Kate, but he compelled himself to forget that she was a young woman now, and forced his thoughts to dwell on the time when he had first known her—a little charity girl with an honest name and a sweet face. This was safer, and it was easy for a man who held himself well in hand as Dr. Haywood felt sure he did.

A grand reception was planned for Kate's home-coming. The travelers would spend a day or two with a friend outside the city and be rested for it.

Dr. Haywood was kept at the bedside of a very sick patient until it was quite late. When he reached home there was just time to dress for the evening.



"He came toward her"

He went down hoping to find Kate waiting in the beautiful new parlor. At the door he stopped, catching his breath sharply. She was standing under the chandelier, a vision of beauty indeed.

He came toward her, a smile on his lips.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered man with keen hazel eyes and heavy, straight dark hair that was turning gray at the temples. He wore no beard, and his dark mustache was cropped off even with his lip. He looked like a man who had taken hold of life just where strength and nerve and courage and work were needed. But his evening clothes sat well upon him, and if Dr. Haywood was never spoken of as a handsome man, it was because he was so much more than that.

Kate held out her hand as he came nearer. She was pretty as a picture with her soft, dull black hair parted over her low broad forehead and her wonderful, black-fringed blue eyes—eyes pale and soft like the blue of a wild morning glory, and a mouth that would have made a plain woman lovely, with a smooth dark skin that was perfect.

She waited for him to speak, and he took her hand with a very cordial and a very commonplace "How do you do?"

"Pretty well, thank you," she said, her dark cheeks dimpling merrily.

"You seem to have been faring well," he said, looking at her.

"Well, yes—rather—er better than this." She smiled coquettishly up at him. He had always known that she was a born coquette, as indeed most women are. He laughed. This was what he had expected of Kate.

"You are looking well. Somehow the pale blue suits you. Do dark women usually wear it? It is just the thing for you. But I want to suggest an improvement."

"A—a what? Do you mean——"

"I guess they have been spoiling you," he said as he unfastened a loose paper parcel that he had brought in,

and held out to her a rose as red as the hearts of a thousand rubies and with petals as delicate as the velvet of a butterfly's wing.

"This ought to be in your hair," he said.

She sat down, leaning her head forward, and with deft fingers he fastened the rose among the dull braids.

"Thank you," she said, going over to a mirror.

And this was their meeting. Only this, for then Mrs. Walsn came, and after that the guests began to arrive.

There were many beautiful women in the Haywood parlors that night, but Kate was easily queen of them all. And this was only the beginning. Before the season was over she counted her lovers by the score.

She had at her feet a duke, coronet and all, a millionaire with bags of gold, an author who shone out grandly against a background of importunate publishers, an artist whose name gave value to a picture, and a musician over whom the world had gone wild. And people wondered what her choice would be.

But at the end of the season she had sent them all away. The duke gathered up his slighted coronet and sailed away wondering what the young women of America were coming to, anyway. The millionaire took himself and the wealth he represented back to Wall street, the author kept his importunate publishers waiting till he could change the color of his heroine's eyes, the painter retouched his new Venus and made a Circe of her, and the singer folded away his latest song with a dead red rose.

And people wondered what manner of man Kate Hamilton expected to win. Dr. Haywood was shocked at her lack of appreciation, and finding her alone one day, took the opportunity of reasoning with her.

"It is only that I am very much in love with some one else," she said frankly. "I wish I could divide all these lovers among the girls, you know; for myself I don't want them,



"She came in alone"

not even if the lot could be boiled down into one perfect man—titled, talented, handsome, good, wealthy—everything. I'd say no just the same."

"And you are really in love, Kate?"

"Yes; I'm in love, really and truly, in the old-fashioned way with mind, heart and soul, and I shall marry only the man I love."

"Has he asked you?"

"Well, no."

"Suppose he never does?"

"I've thought of that, and I've decided to find out certainly. If he loves me, I'll ask him."

The doctor was used to self-control, and made a quick effort now; but in spite of himself an exclamation of surprise escaped him. Kate, looking into the fire, seemed not to have heard.

"I—I hope he's a worthy young man," the doctor ventured.

"Well, no; he is not."

"Not worthy? Does he come here, Kate?"

"He is here sometimes."

"Do I know him?"

"Not very well, perhaps. But I'm not going to be quizzed, so I shall leave you." Laughing merrily, she went out leaving the puzzled doctor alone.

He began to study the men who came to the house. In vain he searched for the unworthy young fellow whom Kate had favored with her love. He could not single out such a man.

He was thinking about it as he waited for his sister and Kate to come home from a drive. He had made up his mind to ask Kate the man's name. Surely he had a right to know, he argued.

She came in alone, but although he was known as a brave man—a fearless man—he could not muster up courage to introduce the subject. She did not sit down, but stood before him laughing and chatting gaily while she toyed with her long, gray glove.

At last the glove slipped from her hand and fell upon the table, but she seemed not to notice it, and after awhile she went out and left it there—

the little warm hand-prints still showing, and a delicate perfume clinging to it.

Dr. Haywood saw it, and as soon as she was gone he snatched it up and pressed it to his lips, quickly cramming it into an inside pocket as he heard the swish of a woman's skirts in the doorway.

"I missed my glove. Have you seen it?" Kate asked anxiously as she came in, peering about the floor.

"A glove?" said the doctor, a man noted for truthfulness. "Perhaps you lost it outside."

"No; I had it here. You must have noticed it—a long, gray glove like this. The pair cost six dollars!"

"I don't see it anywhere," Dr. Haywood said, looking about.

"But I can't give it up, because my ring is missing, too. The moonstone you gave me when I was twelve years old, and I'm sure it was in the finger of the glove." She held out her hand to show that the ring was gone. The doctor looked greatly distressed.

"It will never do to lose my moonstone, for I shall have bad luck until I find it. Won't you help me?"

"Certainly. Maybe you left it in your room."

"Impossible. I never take it off. I pulled off my glove here and the ring must have slipped off with it."

The tall doctor got down on the floor and began to look carefully about.

"Take off your coat. It is in the way. Then you can look under the sofa."

"My coat. Well, you see—er—"

"Oh, I know, but if you put custom in the balance against a lost moonstone you will find it wanting."

Dr. Haywood took off his coat and carefully laid it on a chair, then, resuming his undignified occupation, moved slowly about the floor.

Suddenly a little cry from Kate attracted his attention and he sprang to his feet. The coat had fallen from the chair, and was spread out before them.

There, against the black lining, lay the long, gray glove.

"Why, how did it come to be in your pocket, Dr. Haywood?"

He gazed at it stupidly. "How, indeed?" he said.

She waited for him to hand it to her. "Here it is," he said shamefacedly.

"Yes, and here is the ring. Who can solve the mystery?" she was looking straight at him. There was no escape. "Lately I have been missing various articles, handkerchiefs, fans, ribbons and now this. It may be——" She finished with a significant look.

"I have taken two handkerchiefs, one blue ribbon, a fan, and—and the glove. The other men must have taken the rest."

"Indeed? May I be permitted to ask what you wanted with these things—you, a grave medical man?" she asked, looking him over coolly.

"I wanted them because they are yours," he confessed humbly.

"Because they are mine? What value can that give them?"

"I love you; that is all." He folded his arms and looked down at her as she carefully straightened out the fingers of the long glove.

"Do you really love me in—in that way?" she asked, her eyes on the glove.

"Yes."

"Then, why don't you tell me as other men do and give me a chance——"

"To refuse me as you do other men?"

"I—I shouldn't refuse you."

"Kate!"

"You are shocked, as I suppose you ought to be, but this is the best I could do. I was sure you loved me, and when I saw you take my glove, I felt that it was time we understood each other, else," laughing nervously, "I might lose——"

"And will you give yourself to me, Kate?"

"Well, hardly that, perhaps, but I should like to have you give yourself to me."

He took the little moonstone ring and slipping it on her finger raised the pretty hand to his lips.

"This ring isn't loose," he said, still holding Kate's hand.

"No. I had hard work getting it off with the glove. Indeed, I've had quite a time getting the man I love to understand himself and me."

Ellen Frizell Wycoff.

MR. BOWLES' EXPERIMENT

By Paul Blake



The little room was stuffy, the little room was hot;
There was nothing disagreeable that the little room was
not;
The boys were more than half asleep, the master gave a
nod,
Then roused himself to rattle up a youngster with his rod.

"Now, boys," he said, "just follow me; for once I think
we'll yield
The summer's overwhelming power, and seek the pleasant
field;
There Nature spreads her treasures; open wide your sleepy
eyes
And look on Nature's wonders; learn her secrets and grow
wise."



The boys made no objection, so they trooped out in a mass,
They perched themselves along a wall or settled on the
grass,
Whilst Mr. Bowles, the master, showed in low, impressive
tones
The lessons to be gathered from the leaves or mossy stones.

The boys thought this grew gloomy; they were yearning to
be free,
For lessons in the meadow didn't seem to quite agree,
So Simpson Junior watched his chance and slipped away
unseen;
The gentle zephyrs wandered o'er the spot where he had
been.



Then whilst the learned dominie went softly wandering on,
 The boys stole slyly out of sight till five of them had gone;
 But still the master lectured on with scientific zeal,
 And showed the way the ruminants digest their grassy meal.

But Short, and Tommy Jones, and Dick were stripping for
 a swim;
 Smith thought that Bowles could get along without more
 aid from him;
 And Robinson was hunting for some non-existent eggs,
 And damaging his nasal tube and barking both his legs.



Yet Mr. Bowles dilated on the progress of the sap
 Within the switch he carried, and he laid it on his lap,
 And produced a pocket microscope and carefully explained
 The extraordinary methods by which Nature's ends are
 gained.

Next he lifted up his spectacles to ask his little class
 Some questions on the method of the growth of meadow
 grass,
 When, lo! the sight that met his eyes abruptly made him
 stop—
 No boy was left but Jenkins, who was sleeping like a top!



So Mr. Bowles determined his new system wouldn't do
 If boys preferred to climb a tree to learning how it grew.
 He thrashed them all next morning, and they had no fur-
 ther chance
 Of leading learned Mr. Bowles another such a dance.





THE REVOLT OF A NATIVE

A Story of Fifty Years Ago

The hot, dusty road wound on and on, out of sight, skirted by a straggling rail fence where trumpet-vine clambered and clung, aglow with its brilliant crimson flowers, changing the homely fence into a thing of beauty.

Here and there a wild rose blushed at its own audacity, as it pushed its soft, pink petals into view beside the more showy flower; or a blackberry bush forced its way through, laden with rich purple fruit, and secure in its own merits.

Somewhere away in the distance a lark was singing; a woodpecker drummed close at hand, and now and then a hare or a quail skurried across the road; a bee buzzed in and out among the flowers; once a tiny gray squirrel peeped cautiously out from amid the tangle of bush and vine, and then, growing bolder, balanced himself on a moss-covered log by the road side, and nibbled at an acorn, only to spring out of sight again when a twig broke overhead.

A dreamy silence brooded over the scene, a country silence, full of incessant sound.

Presently there came toiling down the hill the figure of a woman. She was so small that at first glance she might have been taken for a child. Her short blue calico dress reached barely to her ankles. Across her narrow bosom was pinned a white kerchief. She wore a white cloth over her head, and her snowy apron reached quite to the hem of her dress. She carried a large turkey-wing fan in her hand, which she was plying vigorously as she walked, her tongue keeping time to the fan.

"Jes er leetle fudder, Lily Mariah," she said encouragingly; "Only jes er leetle fudder, an yer guien ter come ter der beech tree grove, foot er der hill. Yer kin res yer ole sef dar. Yoo bones gitten mighty trombly las few yeahs, yoo poo ole soul! Jedge Penfield's Lily Mariah gitten full ob years, as der Good Book say; an she soon gwien ter lay down wid her fadders,

an somebody else gwien fer ter reign in her stead. But dar ain't nobody wat kin make corn-pone er bake bisquit, ter come up ter der Judge's idee, like ole Lily Mariah," and she nodded her turbaned head with a smile of satisfied vanity, and of contempt for whoever that unfortunate might be who was to reign in her stead.

When she reached the shelter of the beech tree she sat down on the log, which the squirrel had just quitted, and drew a sigh of relief.

Her eyes rested on the landscape, with the loving appreciation of one who had never known any other scene. A half mile to the right rose the broad chimneys of Judge Penfield's home, surrounded by its neat out-buildings and fertile fields.

She could see a weather vane on one of the barns, glittering brazenly in the sunshine. To her left another half a mile, and as clearly defined, stood the home of Abraham Seaton. The house was less pretentious than that of the Judge, for it had never been remodeled since it was built a century ago. It stood as Abraham Seaton's father and grandfather before him had left it. A square, substantial house, built of stone, whose ample walls prophesied the comfort and the welcome to be found within its doors.

The woman's eyes lingered on the place. She had been born there, more years ago than her uncertain memory could calculate, and although over thirty years had gone since she had been into the house her love for it was none the less strong.

Just in front of her lay a long, low field, the land on either side sloping down to it.

Through one side flowed a clear stream of water. Lily Mariah could hear it gurgling over the pebbles where she sat. She gazed at it now with a scowl of angry disapproval on her small black face.

"Dat ole scrop ob der Lawd's yarth done make moo trouble dan hit war ebber worf," she said. "I done member when der ole Seaton fambly and

der ole Penfield fambly be es thick ez January lasses.

"My mammy war a Seaton nigger, for ole Mars Penfield buy her.

"An when Mars Seaton's Mose ax ole Mars Penfield ef we could git married, Mars Penfield say, 'Hit air only another bon 'tween der famblys, Mose,' an he larf. Den da buil der leetle log cabin, back dar in der medder, fer Mose an me: An all der time, I war jis ez puff up ez a sody biscuit. Der medder blong ter Mars Seaton, den. By un by, dar come one ob dem meddlin lawyer pests, an er nudder man wid him, wid er spy glass; day put strings all crost der medder, den day say hit shooly blong ter Mars Penfield. Lawd, Lawd, but dar war a big time den!

"Day went ter law, and day went ter law! Fust dis coat, den dat coat!

"Dey keeps it goin yeah in and yeah out.

"Ole Mars Penfield die, den ole Mars Seaton, but der young marsters goes on lawin offer dat fiel, jes der same ez befoo. Mose work for Mars Seaton an I work for Mars Penfield, an at night we bofe goes home ter der leetle cabin, down in der medder.

"We uns is der only united spirits on der two places. Bofe der marsters thinks they all is right, an Mose an me thinks dey bofe wrong.

"When at las der law gib der fiel ter Mars Penfield I couldn no ways help feelin powerful sorry fur Mars Seaton.

"My mammy war a Seaton nigger, an I war borned on der place, in der cabin nighest ter der house. It war young Mars Abe wat named me.

"He war six yeah ole den, an I hear tell how he look at me layin in mammy's lap an say, 'Name her Lily Mariah, Aunt Jane, wont yoo?' an mammy say, 'Dat I will, young Mars Abe.' An Lily Mariah I has been ebber sence.

"But now dere air a wose time a comin. Fur when Mars Abe's son, Mars Judson, come home frum trabblin in dem heathen country, Europe

an der vouthers, wat he do, but go git heself in lub wid Mars Penfield's Miss Ruth! His onliest chile, an der pink ob his eye!

"Me an Mose jes got fer ter keep still bouten hit, but Lawd, Lawd, wats gwien fur ter come nex, I done know! Judge Penfield mighty hard man. He say he done nebber tun back wen he gib his word. Sorter law ob der Meders an der Purships, wat I heah tell bouten. Ef he fine hit out, I powerful sorry fur Miss Ruth.

"Mars Seaton air a kine man, but dey bofe a stiff-neck an' doltros generations, for shoo!"

She got up stiffly and went on, turning over and over in her mind the problem whose solution had troubled her for many a long year.

Just before she reached the narrow lane, leading up to her own cabin, there came the sound of hoofs on the hard pike road.

Lily Mariah did not stop or turn, but she walked so slowly that the horseman came up with her before she turned into the lane.

She did not look up until a hearty voice called to her:

"Good evenin, Lily Mariah."

"Howdy, Mars Seaton," she said, beaming up at him.

"Yoo come long so sudden like, yoo amost skeered me." A greeting that was quite familiar to them both, for it was repeated on an average of two or three times a week. Some idea of allegiance to the Judge keeping the woman from acknowledging, even to herself, that the resting was a mere pretext to pass the time until the hour for Abraham Seaton to return from the city.

"And how are you these days," went on the kind voice.

"Pooly, pooly, Mars Abe," said Aunt Lily. "Gitten on ter der time wen der Las Trump gwien fur ter blow soon, now."

"Nonsense, Aunt Lily; you are good for twenty years yet. You are younger than I am, and look at me!"

"Dar ain't no great 'mount time lef fur neither of us, Mars Abe.

"Gitten time fur ter furgit and furgib yer enemies, an ter sheck off dis yere yarthly dus from our feets, Mars Abe." And she turned into the lane.

"Wonder what's happened to give old Lily the blues," said Abraham Seaton, as he rode on. But her words kept ringing in his ears. He was a mild man, and his nature had always been a gentle and forgiving one.

This keeping up of his father's quarrel had been no easy matter to him. He had thought of it more during the past year, since Ruth came home from school. Ruth, with her wild rose face, and her sweet eyes.

He lifted his hat to her always, when she was alone and he passed her on the pike. Excusing himself afterward with, "Bless my soul, I have nothing against the girl; nothing in the world!"

"Pretty as a picture, and good, too, I'll be bound, if she is old Penfield's daughter." But the reflection always ended with a sigh.

It was the first of September, and Judge Penfield was preparing for the annual dinner which he gave each year to his friends and neighbors. It was always the event of the season in the neighborhood.

No money was spared to make it a grand success.

For days before Lily Mariah and the cook were kept busy concocting cakes and pies and meats of all descriptions.

Unique dishes were prepared by a French cook sent out from town. Dishes which were the awe and the admiration of many of the country guests, who eyed them suspiciously, or touched them carefully with fork or spoon, while they glanced furtively at the city guests, to see how they would treat this new creation.

There was a band from the city, and after dinner, dancing in the long hall, a wide, old fireplace at the farther end making the waxed floor gleam and glisten in the changing light.

On either side of the fireplace stood a small table, whereon was placed a glass and a silver ladle, beside immense bowls of cut glass, one of which contained punch and the other mint julep—such mint julep as only Lily Mariah could make.

She had always been the moving spirit in these preparations, but this year even the Judge noticed that she seemed preoccupied and nervous.

He went so far as to speak of it to Ruth.

"Yes, papa," said Ruth; "I have noticed it, and I thought perhaps she was not well, but when I questioned her she declared she was all right. I am afraid it is just because she is getting old, papa."

"I don't mind her getting old," said the Judge, irritably. "She can get just as old as she pleases, only I don't want that julep spoiled. There isn't another nigger in Kentucky who can make a julep like Lily Mariah."

This conversation took place in the dining room, on the morning of the day upon which the great dinner was to come off.

After Ruth and her father had left the room the door of the china closet opened cautiously and Lily Mariah emerged, laden with some of the best china, which she had been getting to wash for the approaching feast.

There were tears in her eyes, but her lips were firmly set.

"Thar, now," she said. "I jes got fur ter perk up, er day gwien ter spicion me ob bein mix up in dis."

"Spec I war a ole fool, fur ter meddle, but dar warn't no body fur ter ax 'vice bouten hit. Dats how come I fur ter meddle. Ef I tell Mose he shoo ter say, 'yoo keep outen dat mess, Lily Mariah.' Mose coulan't keep hit no ways; he jes like all mens. Day caynt keep nuthin, from Adam on down. Wen der Lawd ax Adam bouten dat apple he up an low 'hit war der woman's faul, Lawd.' An man hes been sayin dat ter dis day. Reglar tattle tales, der bes ob dem. Ef hit had been Eve wat He ax fust, spouse she tell on

Adam? Lawd, Lawd, she would er drap in her tracks fust, 'foo she sneak outen hit dat way.

"Dar warnt no budy ter tell, so I jes had ter use my own mine, an I nebber did hab no mine, ter speak ob.

"But I jes 'cides dat I war gwien ter do supthin, ter stop dis fuss, tween der Seatons and der Pennels, foo I die, ef hit war my las act, I gwien ter.

"So when Miss Ruth gib me der big package er cyards las week, an say, 'Dese yere der invites, Lily; gib dem ter one ob der sarvants, an hab dem taken roun,' I low, 'yessum.'

"Den I see one a lavin on der table an I low 'You furgit one.' She say, 'No dat air a extra one, Lily; put hit in der wase basket. Hab dem sent dis monin, Lily,' and den she got out.

"I jes tuck dat extry one inter my pocket, an I slip off ter der stoo room, an lock der doo. I know dat I hed a note in my pocket fur young Mars Judson Seaton fur ter leave in der holler tree, down in der medder. An der name war on hit.

"I done know one lettur frum nudder but I make der 'Seaton' jes ez nigh like dat ez I could, on der back ob dat axtry invite, an I puts hit long wid der yothers.

"Lawd furgib me!

"Der boy what take der invites wont dare ax no questions, I know well nuff; so hit war safe. 'Sides nobody 'spicion ole Lily Mariah, no ways, fur she caynt write," and she chuckled.

It was twenty minutes past seven upon the eventful evening. All the last touches had been given. The polished floors shown like glass in the brilliant light of the open fires, at either end of the reception rooms. The high-backed hair cloth furniture stood against the walls in stiff uncompromising rows, while the family portraits of all the old Penfields, even as far back as the renowned Colonel, who fought at Washington's side, beamed approval from the walls. In the dining-room the three long tables fairly groaned under their load of good

things. The rare old china and cut glass and silver glistened and shone in the light of a hundred candles.

In the smaller of the two reception rooms the Judge stood thoughtfully, with his back to the fire.

He had always prided himself on being not only "on time," but a little ahead of it. He stood with bent head, his feet far apart, and his hands clasped under his coat tails. A favorite position.



The Judge stood with his back to the fire

He was in his element. This was always an evening of rare delight and enjoyment to him.

It satisfied his pride and his inborn hospitality as well. The Judge was a gentleman, every inch, and came of a race of gentlemen.

His erect figure was over six feet tall.

The lower part of his face was too square, still it betokened that force of character most admired in a man, and the effect was softened by the heavy black beard, which covered his chin.

He glanced now and then at the door, where Ruth and her mother might enter any moment.

He was very fond of his daughter Ruth; she was so like himself.

The minutes passed. There came a sound of wheels, and the mingling of voices outside. The bell rang. The first guest had evidently forgotten the hour. The Judge glanced at the clock. It still lacked thirty minutes to eight.

And then the doors swung open, and the footman ushered in and announced with much dignity and ceremony:

"Marster Abraham Seaton!" He came forward eagerly; his kind face framed in its snowy hair, a great contrast to the Judge.

He wore no beard, and his sensitive lips were almost trembling.

As he reached the fireplace he put out both his hands and clasped those of his host.

"Tom, Tom," he cried; "what a good man you are! I should have made the first advances; I know that; for I am the older. But I feared they would not be received and my cursed pride held me back. I've wanted to make this up for years! and when your invitation came for myself and my family I understood what it meant from a man like you. An invitation not only to your house, but my permission to let bygones be bygones.

"To be as we once were, Tom, when we paddled in the creek together, and went fishing down by the Ford.

"I left my boy and his mother in the other room with your wife.

"I wanted a word with you before the others came.

"What is it that the Bible says about a man that rules his own temper being greater than one who takes a city? You are a good, good man, Tom; God bless you, old fellow!" and his voice shook.

All the time, the Judge stood gazing down at him, in a sort of daze.

There was some mistake, but he did not know what.

It had been farthest from his intention to invite this man to his house.

But the words had struck an answering chord in his own heart.

The allusion to the old days, and above all, the trembling voice, and the nappy eyes of his old comrade were too much for him.

How white his hair was. Time had not dealt so kindly with him.

He found the old feeling of tenderness and protection welling up in his heart for this weaker man.

He remembered how he had always fought his battles and taken his part when they went to the district school together.

To be called a "good, good man," and then fall short of what is expected of one is not a pleasing prospect.

By this time young Seaton and his mother were probably going through the same eulogy to Ruth and her mother.

He knew there was nothing too good for his wife to believe of him.

She would think that he had intended it as a surprise for her, a crowning feature of the party.

To tell Abraham Seaton that it was all a mistake—that he had come unasked to his home—seemed an impossible thing.

His pride was touched, and his hospitality at stake. And then—he put the past behind him and grasped in a firm strong clasp the hand of the older man.

In that clasp all the harsh words, and the unkind thoughts of thirty years were forgotten forever.

And Lily Mariah, who had been bent double listening at one of the doors, flung her apron over her head and ran out into the back yard.

When only the stars could see her she dropped down upon her knees behind the wood-pile, and the prayer of thanksgiving that ascended to heaven was such a sincere one it must have reached the throne at once.

As she went demurely back to the house, she said exultantly, "Now den, I 'spec Miss Ruth an dat scamp of a Mars Judson air got a mighty good time a comin."

"An all becace of a poo no count ole woman wat caynt read ner write !

"Lawd, Lawd, but der wokins of Probdence do be powerful curus, for shoo." And she went into the house.

Anna Deming Gray.



ON THE CARDS

By Blanche Trenholme Heath

The parlor door opened suddenly, disclosing a lowering-browed Gypsy woman, picturesque in red jacket and silver ornaments. Every one turned to stare, even Amy Challoner and her stalwart admirer, Carston Ray, who were supposed to have eyes and ears only for each other.

Behind this brilliant vision appeared Grace Kenfield, an admirable foil in her gray waterproof cloak. She explained that, having finally braved the storm, she had brought back this wandering Gypsy to amuse the weather-bound party at home.

"You are truly public-spirited, Miss Grace," remarked Herbert Williston. "What a pity Mrs. Shelburne's headache is so obstinate!"

To this obvious hint Grace replied that she would go and see about it. When she returned from her unsuccessful errand, the fortune-teller was already poring over Amy Challoner's cards.

To everyone's astonishment, the prominent masculine figure, which, of course, should have been Carston Ray, in this young lady's future, much more resembled Mr. Herbert Williston. "I suppose you never make a mistake?" remonstrated Grace Kenfield.

"It is on the cards," answered the Gypsy sulkily. Grace shrugged her shoulders.

Other predictions followed, in no way remarkable. But with Williston's

turn came another surprise, for the lady of his destiny was unmistakably Amy Challoner. This was too much for Miss Kenfield. She caught the Gypsy by the arm, exclaiming, "You guess as you go along, and you don't guess rightly."

The woman turned her head with an angry flash. "I tell you it is all on the cards! You will see!" Then, dropping back into the professional wheedle, she curtsied farewell to "the handsome ladies and gentlemen," and vanished with one restless look from her small, brilliant black eyes.

"How these fortune-tellers do fib!" said blunt Grace Kenfield, as the subject came up that evening. "Still, one can't help wondering sometimes what gives them their cues."

"You forget, Miss Grace, that it is 'all on the cards,'" replied Williston. "For my part, I profess the most unwavering belief in this wandering Sybil," with a glance which made Amy Challoner drop her eyes.

Oh, heart of man, unstable as water! mused Miss Kenfield, scornfully. Here was Herbert Williston, keen critic, man of the world, and Mrs. Shelburne's devoted admirer, actually letting his fancy stray because of a Gypsy's haphazard prediction!

"It would have been interesting," went on the unconscious Williston, "to know what destiny has in store for Mrs. Shelburne?"

"A woman like Mrs. Shelburne is

apt to make her own destiny,' was Miss Kenfield's careless answer. Williston twisted his blond mustache and looked at her curiously.

"With what a finality you say that! Quite as if you were in the councils of Mrs. Shelburne—and I, since you conclude them to be identical," he remarked.

"May Mrs. Shelburne share in the discussion of herself?" The voice came from the doorway behind them, and, turning their heads, they saw a tall, graceful figure gliding toward them. Taking Williston's proffered chair, she lifted her dark lashes inquiringly.

"We were speaking," he explained, of a rather remarkable Gypsy, who, for certain base coin, was good enough to give us a glimpse into the future. I regretted that you should miss such an opportunity."

"Ah, but I did not," was the reply. "After the rain, I went out a little, in the interest of my headache—which is quite gone, thanks—and met this same Gypsy. And the things she told me! Really, if I were in the least superstitious——"

"What a humbug!" exclaimed Grace Kenfield, who did not always reckon elegance of speech among the minor proprieties.

"Meaning me?" Mrs. Shelburne gave her a contradictory smile from under her half-raised lids.

"Meaning—the Gypsy, of course," after a distinct pause. "Well, what did she say?"

Mrs. Shelburne's upward glance unexpectedly met the eyes of Carston Ray over Grace's shoulder. Such a chance is disconcerting, and she answered with a lack of self-possession very unusual with her.

"Say?" hurriedly, "why, that—that—oh," recovering herself, "merely the incomprehensible jargon of her trade. But mystery is always interesting, you know, even when it is pure nonsense."

"What did you think of her revelations, Mr. Williston?" asked Miss Kenfield, with elaborate unconscious-

ness. Whereat Amy Challoner studied her fan, while Williston's face assumed a how-happy-could-I-be-with-either expression. But sixteen-year-old Minnie Drew saved him the awkwardness of replying.

"I didn't hear any revelations," she pouted. "I'm sure there was nothing at all in my fortune."

"Not necessarily the fortune-teller's fault, though," was her brother Tom's unsympathetic comment. "Plain cake mustn't expect plums, eh, Miss Grace?"

"Speak for yourself, please," retorted that young lady, perversely misapplying his speech. "I consider myself the plummiest of plum-cake."

Under cover of their raillery, Carston Ray, after a moment's hesitation, took the vacant seat beside Mrs. Shelburne. Williston, who had intended it for himself, turned to Amy Challoner.

With her soft curves, peachy complexion and golden-brown hair and eyes, this young girl was exquisitely pretty. Certainly, Mrs. Shelburne's brunette type could never have possessed that dewy freshness and fairness, yet the severest critic would hardly deny the beautiful widow's greater effectiveness. Her chief charm, perhaps, was that of expression—one which scarcely reaches perfection in early youth.

But Williston himself was far enough from the callow period to find it captivating—under some conditions. It had more than once occurred to him of late that but for Mrs. Shelburne's absorbing society he might have enjoyed training this pliant young mind to lean upon his. All her possibilities, he thought, were wasted on Carston Ray, a good-natured, common-place fellow, with more muscle than brains.

The evening's chance came apropos. Miss Challoner followed his lead with graceful deference, and her slight self-consciousness was distinctly flattering. He was attracted even beyond his expectations.

Meanwhile, time sped pleasantly with Mrs. Shelburne and her "com-

mon-place" companion. Sex counts for much in men's and women's estimate of each other, and she did not agree with Williston's. To her perception, the "common-place" resolved itself into a solidity restful to her more mercurial nature.

"Does it occur to you," she said, breaking a pause abruptly, "that, although we have passed a week under the same roof, our real acquaintance has begun only to-night?"

"Who is responsible for that?" rejoined Ray. "Certainly not I."

"Oh, no one is responsible, of course. It 'just happened.' Or, perhaps," she smiled up at him, "perhaps, as the Gypsy claims, it is 'all on the cards?'"

He leaned toward her with a look of peculiar meaning, but, perceptibly checking himself, only said quietly, "Are you a believer in Fate?"

"That depends." She was wondering over his sudden change of manner. "I fancy Fate has its own way with us up to a certain point, but, if we are very much in earnest, we assume the role ourselves."

"Then," said Ray, "I shall venture to assume the role at present. I intend to see that there is no more 'just happening' in our acquaintance. You will not antagonize me?"

"Why should I?" She half smiled, and gave him a surprised, questioning look, which he returned with a long, steady gaze. Weeks of ordinary acquaintance could not have drawn them together as did the subtle magnetic undercurrent in this 'exchange of eyes.'

From that evening, the change in the relations of these four people was curious to note. Yet it was so gradual that no one could say just how or when it had occurred.

Tom Drew, a mystified observer of this "double-shuffle," as he called it, sought enlightenment of Miss Kenfield. It was at a picnic, and he was making himself comfortable on a mossy rock, under the pleasing delusion that he was rendering immense

assistance by toying with the table-caster. "You're chummy with the fair widow, Miss Grace;" he glanced toward Mrs. Shelburne and Carston Ray; "perhaps you can explain why those two now spoon together, instead of vice versa? What's the why and wherefore of it all?"

"Don't ask me anybody's why and wherefore," somewhat tartly responded Grace, deep in the mysteries of a chicken mayonnaise. "My motto always was: 'Lord, what fools these mortals be!'"

"Present company excepted, of course?" insinuated Tom.

"Of course; I never call myself names," ignoring his reference to himself. "Please give me the oil—if you feel equal to the exertion."

"Equal to anything in your service," gallantly. Then he leaned back and gazed lazily up into the broad blue field of the sky, where the full moon hung silver clear. "You've a stunning evening for your spread, Miss Grace. When I want anything special in this line I shall apply to you, for you evidently have a pull with the clerk of the weather."

"Yes, but have you a pull with me?" retorted Grace, perverse as usual. "There are two horns to that dilemma, Mr. Drew!"

"That's just what I'd give a pot of money to make out!" exclaimed Tom, with more sentiment of look than speech, in his eagerness dropping the pepper-box into the salad. By an adroit hand's-turn Miss Kenfield intercepted it, and sent it back like a ball to the culprit, who found speedy retribution in a sneezing fit.

"Really, Mr. Drew," her sarcastic comment reached him confusedly through his efforts to catch his breath, "your talents are wasted here! If you are burning to distinguish yourself, suppose you take this bell and call the others—while there is anything eatable to set before them."

Still choking with laughter and pepper, Tom seized the bell to which she tragically pointed, and, mounting

the highest neighboring peak, played the part of town-crier so effectively that the stragglers soon surrounded the festive board—which, in this instance, was a broad flat rock.

Miss Kenfield was responsible for the excursion. Desirous of something a little out of the beaten track, she had planned a moonlight picnic party to one of the islets dotting the bay. The idea met with general favor, as the boating at Rocky Head was exceptionally good. It had proved an entire success, and all were ready to second Tom Drew when he proposed a vote of thanks to the originator of this novel entertainment.

"Vote yourself a leather medal while you are about it, Mr. Drew," said Grace, still rankling over her mayonnaise. "Fancy that we almost ruined my chicken salad! And if there is one thing which I thoroughly understand it is chicken salad. I rely on it to cover any possible deficiencies in my bill of fare—"

"No wonder," boldly stuck in Tom. "Anything more like ambrosia—"

"But that isn't the point," retorted Grace. "The point is, that, if your culinary experiments had gone a little farther, the ambrosia would have been nothing but a mess."

"Why not choose another lieutenant next time, Miss Kenfield?" laughingly suggested Ray—"one more frankly ignorant. I, for one, have too little culinary knowledge even to make mistakes, so I could promise implicit obedience."

While Tom was darkly intimating what might happen to anyone who took his place, Williston turned to Mrs. Shelburne.

"You were quite right about that variety of pink seaweed we were speaking of the other day. It is found on this coast, for I noticed some by a rock on the way here. It is but a little distance out. If you will allow me, I will take you there."

She hesitated, then assented, after another glance at him. She felt that he had a special reason for asking her

companionship to-night, in the old way which had become so infrequent of late.

For some time, however, there was nothing to justify her intuition. His manner seemed a trifle more constrained and his conversation less ready, perhaps, than was his wont, but the talk ran entirely on ordinary subjects. Not until they had turned for the shore was there any perceptible difference.

Williston ceased to row, and, letting the boat drift through the softly lapsing water, looked across at her. The white moonlight was almost as clear as day.

"This is like the old times," he said with a sigh—"the dear old times! How many of them we have shared, first and last!"

"Yes," she answered, half-absently, without lifting her eyes from the glistening seaweed which she was coiling together.

There was a little silence. Then he spoke again abruptly. "Life is an enigma. How much free will have we, after all? Six months ago would I have believed—" He stopped. "Can you guess what it is that I am trying to tell you?"

"I think so." She raised her head and smiled over at him. "She is very lovely. I congratulate you with all my heart."

"Thanks!" He seemed a little bewildered almost, had it not been he was a little obtuse. "You see, it was on the cards," he said, as if thinking aloud. "Do you know," he looked at her earnestly, "there was something about that fortune-teller which impressed me in no ordinary degree?"

This remark was answered unexpectedly by a momentary peal of silvery laughter. Williston looked first surprised, and then offended. "I am glad," he said, stiffly, "if my superstition serves to amuse you."

"I beg your pardon!" She checked her mirth immediately. "But—well, confidence for confidence: I was that fortune-teller!"

"You!" Williston's face was a study as he stared incredulously at her. "Impossible! Why——"

"Why did I do it? To begin with, for the amusement——"

"Pardon me," he broke in. "The amusement tended singularly in one direction. Its whole drift seemed to be the emphasizing of closer relations between Miss Challoner and myself. Am I to consider that chance?"

She hesitated an instant before replying. "No; it was not chance. I will speak frankly. It seemed to me that you were in danger of making a mistake. I thought, if you could but see it, that Miss Chationer was eminently calculated to make your happiness. Has not the event proved me right?"

"And you were simply altruistic?" he said, ignoring her last words. "It did not occur to you that there might be some one calculated to make your happiness also?"

"Those are questions which you must not only ask, but answer, yourself," she said, with a touch of haughtiness.

"It is very complimentary to me!" he broke out bitterly.

"The compliment is self-paid, remember. But even were your inference correct, it is not unflattering, from my point of view. In some respects our temperaments are too much alike—a trifle cynical and worldly, perhaps. Your ideal woman should possess more softness and trust. While I——" she hesitated, and her mood changed to sudden lightness. "Well, I always sympathized with Katharine's request to Petruchio: I would have the beef rather than the mustard, in spite of its piquancy."

"And am I the mustard? Thanks!" He bit his lips.

"I did not make the application," she answered, with a dangerous sweetness. She was by no means angelic, and her temper had been severely tried during their conversation.

He took up his oars and rowed in

silence for awhile. "After all, I ought to feel flattered," he said at length. "The beef is—common-place."

She smiled. "You forget that that is no objection for the taste which likes the beef."

With a sudden impulse Williston threw down the oars and flung himself at her feet. Like the breath of the sea that blew softly over them, a cloud of sweet memories came back, and he suddenly realized how precious was the chapter of his life which now closed forever. It seemed to him that, in losing this woman, he lost something of himself. He took her hand and looked earnestly in her face.

"So it is all over?" he murmured. "To-morrow has no more to say to Yesterday?" I had thought—I had hoped——"

He stopped, feeling himself on dangerous ground, in a false position, which, to become actually ridiculous, needed only an impulse of malice from the other side.

But Mrs. Shelburne had no desire to take such an advantage of him. With a generosity not always found in women of more deliberate character, she was able to view the situation from his standpoint also. Her momentary annoyance past, that side of her nature which was in touch with his re-asserted itself, likewise, in the recollection of days of pleasant comradeship and sympathy, which had only just fallen short of love itself.

She returned his feverish hand-grasp with a friendly pressure, and there was an unwonted softness in her dark eyes as she looked at him. "I hope," she said gently, "that my foolish little stratagem may have brought you only the unmixed good I intended. Perhaps it is wiser for us blind mortals to leave the reins of Fate to its own guidance."

The words seemed to recall him to himself. He passed his hand over his forehead, in a bewildered way, and withdrew a little. "You are very kind," he said with a faint smile. "Shall I, too, speak frankly? This time, at

least, there has been no mistake. I have found my ideal woman—as you say. You have read my character with a correctness which perhaps justifies your assumption of the role of guardian angel—although it is but just to—her, to say that the discovery needed only opportunity to accomplish itself. Instead of reproaching you, I rather owe you a debt of gratitude for hastening the time.”

He had extricated himself from the awkward position with his usual facility, though somewhat at her expense, by turning her own words against her. But she liked the loyalty he showed to the woman of his choice, and was so rejoiced to believe him absolutely sincere in this, at least, that she forgave the sting of his wounded self-love. Under the circumstances, the woman was willing to yield the man the last word. She would wait for the return of the old cordial comradeship which was the natural relation between herself and him. To wait seemed all that was possible at present, so she smiled and murmured something vague, as she returned to her seaweed. Williston took up his oars again, and the conversation flagged during the rest of the short passage.

On the shore a group of three stood looking out for them, Miss Challoner, Minnie Drew and Carston Ray.

“Oh, Mrs. Shelburne,” cried Minnie, who was only a schoolgirl of sixteen, and had not yet learned what not to say, “have you been all this while finding that little bit of seaweed? Why, I thought you would bring back such a heap of it!”

Miss Challoner’s face clouded, and she took a step backward. Williston sprang to her side and caught her arm. “Amy, my dear girl,” he exclaimed with unnecessary distinctness, “pray, be careful! I shall hardly dare to trust you by yourself on these treacherous rocks.”

The marked intention of this speech produced its effect at once. The cloud on Miss Challoner’s face melted into a rosy glow of smiles and blushes which

made the most exquisite picture imaginable, while Minnie Drew, not fully reading between the lines, stood and stared in perplexity.

Carston Ray’s eyes sought Mrs. Shelburne’s, sought, and met a flash of amusement which was gone again like lightning. He joined her, and, while Minnie ran on with the seaweed, they followed by a winding rock-path.

“Was that an announcement?” said Ray, when Minnie was out of hearing.

“You mean Mr. Williston? I fancy so. It is only the conclusion of what he has been saying to me to-night. I need hardly make a secret of it, as he does not seem to.”

“No, by Jove!” assented Ray, with emphasis. “As for that,” he continued, “it was scarcely worth while. We have all seen what was coming, ever since——” he gave her a quick glance —“since that day when you told our fortunes, you know.”

“I!” She turned and looked at him in astonishment, but the good-natured mockery that laughed back at her from his blue eyes silenced further protestations.

“Oh,” he said quietly, “of course I knew you. Do you think I could mistake your eyes?” his voice dropping almost to a whisper.

“But I—I thought I disguised them——” she hesitated, still off her guard, as she was unaccountably apt to be with him.

“Not altogether. You forgot yourself one, at least. Perhaps you don’t know that when Miss Kenfield was remonstrating with you rather vigorously, you turned and opened your eyes with a sudden flash. I was watching you, and then—I knew.”

Mrs. Shelburne hastily measured the situation. She had betrayed herself with little enough care to Williston, but she had never intended to admit Carston Ray into the secret. Now, however, that denial was useless, she took her cue at once.

“Oh, Miss Kenfield!” she repeated with a half-vexed laugh. “She is a tricky spirit of mischief! Fancy her

amusing herself by deliberately risking the very thing she had so carefully planned out. I will tell you how it all happened. We had crept out for a breath of fresh air—I really did have a headache that day—and, as chance would have it, I had twisted one of those red-and-gold striped Algerian scarfs about my head. Miss Kenfield said it made me look like a Gipsy, and that suggested the whole scheme to her. I fell in with it, for lack of any better amusement, so we stole back again, and I made myself up a la Zingara. When I entered the room, the thought struck me afresh, for it was by no means the first time—of how admirably suited to each other Miss Challoner and Mr. Williston were, if they could only 'discover' each other. So it occurred to me to try my hand at fate-making. Well—you know the rest."

He had listened in silence, with only an occasional look at her from under his lowered eyelids. Then he said quietly: "And what disposition did you make of me in this reconstruction of our destinies? Because, incidentally, my life was changed also. You understand what I mean. The same influences which unite some, of necessity separate others. I don't speak regretfully, I merely state a fact. If I felt regret, instead of talking to you about it, I should be putting forth my whole strength to win. But—well, something enlightened me that day as to my nature and its possibilities; I saw that the bonds into which I was slipping, however sweet, would not, perhaps, be strong enough to hold me always. And—" his voice dropped significantly—"I saw what would. You—and only you—must be arbiter of my fate."

A smile, half-sad, half-cynical, played about Mrs. Shelburne's lips, as, listening, she remembered how, that day, it had seemed a toss-up between Amy Challoner and herself. Fate—or her own will—had settled it now. She thought how self-deceiving were even the strongest of men—in which sweeping conclusion lay but scant justice.

But the world is judged, often erroneously, by one's own experience, and hers had not been such as to give her overmuch faith in it. He must continue to deceive himself, she resolved, and never know that she had loved him first. That he did not suspect it now was evident enough as she met his eager look, but, following out her own line of reasoning, she decided to keep him a little longer in uncertainty.

"My design was to draw together, in their own interest, the two we have been speaking of," she said. "Can't you accept that result simply, without anything personal to yourself?"

"No; I am afraid I can not," he answered. And as she heard his slow, almost hard tone, and saw the two straight lines deepen between his eyebrows, it occurred to her that, had she intended to end the matter here, Carston Ray might have given her trouble; that he might not have accepted her dismissal with a polite bow and phrase of regret for the misapprehension, on discovering that she had only been amusing herself with him.

"I am not a man to be merely a pawn in the hands of a woman," he went on. "If she mixes herself with my life, it must be at her own risk. Two can play at fate, my beautiful Sybil."

At another time the suppressed triumph in his tone might have provoked reprisal from her, but now she only responded with a smile which told him that his cause was won. There was time for but one hand-clasp before they were within the circle of light that framed the others. Opposite was Miss Kenfield, diverting herself at the expense of her faithful adherent, Tom Drew, with Minnie's laughing face nearby. Farther away sat Miss Challoner and Williston, absorbed in each other's society. With a single change in the actors, the scene so exactly reproduced that memorable day, some weeks before, that, as she looked, Mrs. Shelburne involuntarily said to herself: "Was it really 'all on the cards,' after all?"

THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL

The old-fashioned girl! let her be as we found her,
With none of the folly and none of the blur
To lessen the brightness within and around her,
And nothing to make her the butt of a slur;
For hers is an atmosphere purer and better
Than that which surrounds those who yield her no
palm—

A woman all over, she counts love no fetter,
And storm-beaten man looks to her for his calm.

She drinks not the froth of a false evolution,
Nor gibes at her sex with the garb of a man,
Believing her womanhood full execution
Of God's wise intention, she deems it no ban.
If man is a tyrant she never has known it,
Because she has seen him a slave at her feet;
And if she were bond slave she ne'er would disown it,
For never was there a condition as sweet.

The New Woman comes, like Minerva, full powered;
She comes as a goddess, but not as a maid.
The old-fashioned girl is more happily dowered
With charms that for ages have conquered and swayed.
She is not a hybrid, this old-fashioned maiden,
But always a woman, delightful, complex,
With none of the masculine attributes laden
And ever adored by the opposite sex.

Franklyn W. Lee.

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM

BY T. S. ARTHUR

Founder of this Magazine

NIGHT THE THIRD

JOE MORGAN'S CHILD

Reprinted in compliance with requests from old subscribers

"I don't see anything of your very particular friend, Joe Morgan, this evening," said Harvey Green, leaning on the bar and speaking to Slade. It was the night succeeding that on which the painful and exciting scene with the child had occurred.

"No," was answered—and to the word was added a profane imprecation. "No; and if he'll just keep away from here, he may go to — on a hard-trotting horse and a porcupine saddle as fast as he pleases. He's tried my patience beyond endurance, and my mind is made up, that he gets no more drams at this bar. I've borne his vile tongue and seen my company annoyed by him just as long as I mean to stand it. Last night decided me. Suppose I'd killed that child?"

"You'd have had trouble then, and no mistake."

"Wouldn't I? Blast her little picture. What business has she creeping in here every night?"

"She must have a nice kind of a mother," remarked Green, with a cold sneer.

"I don't know what she is now," said Slade, a slight touch of feeling in his voice—"heart-broken, I suppose. I couldn't look at her last night; it made me sick. But there was a time when Fanny Morgan was the loveliest and

best woman in Cedarville. I'll say that for her. Oh, dear! What a life her miserable husband has caused her to lead."

"Better that he were dead and out of the way."

"Better a thousand times," answered Slade. "If he'd only fall down some night and break his neck, it would be a blessing to his family."

"And to you in particular," laughed Green.

"You may be sure it wouldn't cost me a large sum for mourning," was the unfeeling response.

Let us leave the bar-room of the "Sickle and Sheaf," and its cold-hearted inmates, and look in upon the family of Joe Morgan, and see how it is in the home of the poor inebriate. We will pass by a quick transition.

"Joe!" The thin white hand of Mrs. Morgan clasps the arm of her husband, who has arisen suddenly, and now stands by the partly opened door. "Don't go out to-night, Joe. Please, don't go out."

"Father!" A feeble voice calls from the corner of an old settee, where little Mary lies with her head bandaged.

"Well, I won't then!" is replied—not angrily, nor even fretfully—but in a kind voice.

"Come and sit by me, father." How

tenderly, yet how full of concern is that low, sweet voice. "Come, won't you?"

"Yes, dear."

"Now hold my hand, father."

Joe takes the hand of little Mary, that instantly lightens upon his.

"You won't go away and leave me to-night, will you, father? Say you won't."

"How very hot your head is, dear. Does your head ache?"

"A little; but it will soon feel better."

Up into the swollen and disfigured face of the fallen father, the large, earnest blue eyes of the child are raised. She does not see the marred lineaments; but only the beloved countenance of her parent.

"Dear father!"

"What, love?"

"I wish you'd promise me something."

"What, dear?"

"Will you promise?"

"I can't say until I hear your request. If I can promise, I will."

"Oh! you can promise—you can, father!"

How the large blue eyes dance and sparkle!

"What is it, love?"

"That you'll never go into Simon Slade's bar any more."

The child raises herself, evidently with a painful effort; and leans nearer to her father.

Joe shakes his head, and poor Mary drops back upon her pillow with a sigh. Her lids fall, and the long lashes lie strongly relieved on her colorless cheeks.

"I won't go there to-night, dear. So let your heart be at rest."

Mary's lids unclosed, and two round drops, released from their clasp, glide slowly over her face.

"Thank you, father—thank you. Mother will be so glad."

The eyes closed again; and the father moved uneasily. His heart is touched. There is a struggle within him. It is on his lips to say that he

will never drink at the "Sickle and Sheaf" again; but resolution just lacks the force of utterance.

"Father!"

"Well, dear?"

"I don't think I'll be well enough to go out in two or three days. You know the doctor said that I would have to keep very still, for I had a great deal of fever."

"Yes, poor child."

"Now, won't you promise me one thing?"

"What is it, dear?"

"Not to go out in the evening until I get well."

Joe Morgan hesitated.

"Just promise me that, father. It won't be long; I shall be up again in a little while."

How well the father knows what is in the heart of his child. Her fears are all for him. Who is to go after her poor father, and lead him home when the darkness of inebriety is on his spirit, and external perception so dulled that not skill enough remains to shun the harm that lies in his path?

"Do promise just that, father, dear."

He cannot resist the pleading voice and look.

"I promise it, Mary; so shut your eyes now and go to sleep. I'm afraid this fever will increase."

"Oh! I'm so glad—so glad!"

Mary does not clasp her hands, nor show strong external signs of pleasure; but how full of pure, unselfish joy is that low-murmured ejaculation, spoken in the depths of her spirit, as well as syllabled by her tongue!

Mrs. Morgan has been no unconcerned witness of all this; but knowing the child's influence over her father, she has not ventured a word. More was to be gained, she was sure, by silence on her part; and so she has kept silent. Now she comes nearer to them, and says, as she lets a hand rest on the shoulder of her husband:

"You feel better for that promise already; I know you do."

He looks up to her, and smiles

faintly. He does feel better, but is hardly willing to acknowledge it.

Soon after Mary is sleeping. It does not escape the observation of Mrs. Morgan that her husband grows restless; for he gets up suddenly, every now and then, and walks quickly across the room, as if in search of something. Then sits down, listlessly—sighs—stretches himself, and says, "Oh, dear!" What shall she do for him? How is the want of his accustomed evening stimulus to be met? She thinks and questions, and grieves inwardly. Poor Joe Morgan! His wife understands his case, and pities him from her heart. But what can she do? Go out and get him something to drink? "Oh, no! no! no! never!" She answered the thought audibly almost, in the excitement of her feelings. An hour has passed—Joe's restlessness has increased instead of diminishing. What is to be done? Now Mrs. Morgan has left the room. She has resolved upon something, for the case must be met. Ah! here she comes, after an absence of five minutes, bearing in her hand a cup of strong coffee.

"It was kind and thoughtful in you, Fanny," says Morgan, as with a gratified look he takes the cup. But his hand trembles, and he spills a portion of the contents as he tries to raise it to his lips. How dreadfully his nerves are shattered! Unnatural stimulants have been applied so long, that all true vitality seems lost.

And now the hand of his wife is holding the cup to his lips, and he drinks eagerly.

"This is dreadful—dreadful. Where will it end? What is to be done?"

Fanny suppresses a sob, as she thus gives vent to her troubled feelings. Twice, already, has her husband been seized with the drunkard's madness; and, in the nervous prostration consequent upon even a brief withdrawal of his usual strong stimulants, she sees the fearful precursor of another attack of this dreadful and dangerous malady. In the hope of supplying the needed tone she has given him strong coffee; and

this, for a time, produces the effect desired. The restlessness is allayed, and a quiet state of body and mind succeeds. It needs but a suggestion to induce him to retire for the night. After being a few minutes in bed, sleep steals over him, and his heavy breathing tells that he is in the world of dreams.

And now there comes a tap at the door.

"Come in," is answered.

The latch is lifted, the door swings open, and a woman enters.

"Mrs. Slade!" The name is uttered in a tone of surprise.

"Fanny, how are you this evening?" Kindly, yet half sadly, the words are said.

"Tolerable, I thank you."

The hands of the two women are clasped, and for a few moments they gaze into each other's face. What a world of tender commiseration is in that of Mrs. Slade!

"How is little Mary to-night?"

"Not so well, I'm afraid. She has a good deal of fever."

"Indeed! Oh, I'm sorry! Poor child! what a dreadful thing it was! Oh! Fanny! you don't know how it has troubled me. I've been intending to come around all day to see how she was, but couldn't get off until now."

"It came near killing her," said Mrs. Morgan.

"It's in God's mercy she escaped. The thought of it curdles the very blood in my veins. Poor child! is this her on the settee?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Slade takes a chair, and sitting by the sleeping child, gazes long upon her pale sweet face. Now the lips of Mary part—words are murmured—what is she saying?

"No, no, mother; I can't go to bed yet. Father isn't home. And it's so dark. There's no one to lead him over the bridge. I'm not afraid. Don't—don't cry so, mother—I'm not afraid! Nothing will hurt me."

The child's face flushes. She moans,

and throws her arms about uneasily. Hark again.

"I wish Mr. Slade wouldn't look so cross at me. He never did when I went to the mill. He doesn't take me on his knee now, and stroke my hair. Oh, dear! I wish father wouldn't go there any more. Don't! don't, Mr. Slade. Oh! oh!"—the ejaculation prolonged into a frightened cry, "My head! my head!"

A few choking sobs are followed by low moans; and then the child breathes easily again. But the flush does not leave her cheek; and when Mrs. Slade, from whose eyes the tears come forth drop by drop, and roll down her face, touches it lightly, she finds it hot with fever.

"Has the doctor seen her to-day, Fanny?"

"No, ma'am."

"He should see her at once. I will go for him;" and Mrs. Slade starts up and goes quickly from the room. In a little while she returns with Doctor Green, who sits down and looks at the child for some moments with a sober, thoughtful face. Then he lays his fingers on her pulse and times its beat by his watch—shakes his head and looks graver still.

"How long has she had fever?" he asks.

"All day."

"You should have sent for me earlier."

"Oh, doctor! She is not dangerous, I hope?" Mrs. Morgan looks frightened.

"She's a sick child, madam."

"You've promised, father."—The dreamer is speaking again.—"I'm not well enough yet. Oh, don't go, father; don't! There! He's gone! Well, well! I'll try and walk there—I can sit down and rest by the way. Oh, dear! How tired I am! Father! Father!"

The child starts up and looks about her wildly.

"Oh, mother, is it you?" And she sinks back upon her pillow, looking now inquiringly from face to face.

"Father—where is father?" she asks.

"Asleep, dear."

"Oh! Is he? I'm glad."

Her eyes close wearily.

"Do you feel any pain, Mary?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes, sir—in my head. It aches and beats so."

The cry of "Father" has reached the ears of Morgan, who is sleeping in the next room, and roused him into consciousness. He knows the doctor's voice. Why is he here at this late hour? "Do you feel any pain, Mary?" The question he hears distinctly, and the faintly uttered reply also. He is sober enough to have all his fears instantly excited. There is nothing in the world that he loves as he loves that child. And so he gets up and dresses himself as quickly as possible; the stimulus of anxiety giving tension to his relaxed nerves.

"Oh, father!" The quick ears of Mary detect his entrance first, and a pleasant smile welcomes him.

"Is she very sick, doctor?" he asks, in a voice full of anxiety.

"She's a sick child, sir; you should have sent for me earlier." The doctor speaks rather sternly, and with a purpose to rebuke.

The reply stirs Morgan, and he seems to cower half-timidly under the words, as if they were blows. Mary has already grasped her father's hand, and holds on to it tightly.

After examining the case a little more closely, the doctor prepares some medicine, and, promising to call early in the morning, goes away. Mrs. Slade follows soon after; but, in parting with Mrs. Morgan, leaves something in her hand, which to the surprise of the latter, proves to be a ten-dollar bill. The tears start to her eyes; and she conceals the money in her bosom—murmuring a fervent "God bless her!"

A simple act of restitution is this on the part of Mrs. Slade, prompted as well by humanity as a sense of justice. With one hand the husband has taken the bread from the family of his old

friend, and thus with the other she restores it.

And now Morgan and his wife are alone with their sick child. Higher the fever rises, and partial delirium seizes upon her over-excited brain. She talks for a time almost incessantly. All her trouble is about her father; and she is constantly referring to his promise not to go out in the evening until she gets well. How tenderly and touchingly she appeals to him; now looking up into his face in partial recognition; and now calling anxiously after him, as if he had left her and was going away.

"You'll not forget your promise, will you, father?" she says, speaking so calmly, that he thinks her mind has ceased to wander.

"No, dear; I will not forget it," he answers, smoothing her hair gently with his hand.

"You'll not go out in the evening again until I get well?"

"No, dear."

"Father!"

"What, love?"

"Stoop down closer. I don't want mother to hear; it will make her feel so bad."

The father bends his ear close to the lips of Mary. How he starts and shudders! What has she said?—only these brief words:

"I shall not get well, father; I'm going to die."

The groans, impossible to repress, that issued through the lips of Joe Morgan, startled the ears of his wife, and she came quickly to the bed-side.

"What is it? What is the matter, Joe?" she inquired, with a look of anxiety.

"Hush, father. Don't tell her. I only said it to you." And Mary put a finger on her lips, and looked mysterious. "There, mother—you go away; you've got trouble enough, any how. Don't tell her, father."

But the words, which came to him like a prophecy, awoke such pangs of fear and remorse in the heart of Joe Morgan, that it was impossible for him

to repress the signs of pain. For some moments he gazed at his wife—then stooping forward, suddenly, he buried his face in the bed-clothes, and sobbed bitterly.

A suggestion of the truth now flashed through the mind of Mrs. Morgan, sending a thrill of pain along every nerve. Ere she had time to recover herself, the low, sweet voice of Mary broke upon the hushed air of the room, and she sung:

Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lay my head
And breathe my life out, sweetly there.

It was impossible for Mrs. Morgan longer to repress her feelings. As the softly breathed strain died away, her sobs broke forth, and for a time she wept violently.

"There," said the child,—"I didn't mean to tell you. I only told father, because—because he promised not to go to the tavern any more until I got well; and I'm not going to get well. So, you see, mother, he'll never go again—never—never—never. Oh, dear! how my head pains. Mr. Slade threw it so hard. But it didn't strike father; and I'm so glad. How it would have hurt him—poor father! But he'll never go there any more; and that will be so good, won't it, mother?"

A light broke over her face; but seeing that her mother still wept, she said:

"Don't cry. Maybe I'll be better."

And then her eyes closed heavily, and she slept again.

"Joe," said Mrs. Morgan, after she had in a measure recovered herself—she spoke firmly—"Joe, did you hear what she said?"

Morgan only answered with a groan.

"Her mind wanders; and yet she may have spoken only the truth."

He groaned again.

"If she should die, Joe——"

"Don't; oh, don't talk so, Fanny. She's not going to die. It's only because she's a little light-headed."

"Why is she light-headed, Joe?"

"It's the fever—only the fever, Fanny."

"It was the blow, and the wound on her head, that caused the fever. How do we know the extent of injury on the brain? Doctor Green looked very serious. I'm afraid, husband, that the worst is before us. I've borne and suffered a great deal—only God knows how much—I pray that I may have strength to bear this trial also. Dear child! She is better fitted for heaven than for earth, and it may be that God is about to take her to Himself. She's been a great comfort to me—and to you, Joe, more like a guardian angel than a child."

Mrs. Morgan had tried to speak very firmly; but as sentence followed sentence, her voice lost more and more of its even tone. With the closing words all self-control vanished; and she wept bitterly. What could her feeble erring husband do, but weep with her?

"Joe,"—Mrs. Morgan aroused herself as quickly as possible, for she had that to say which she feared she might not have the heart to utter—"Joe, if Mary dies, you cannot forget the cause of her death."

"Oh, Fanny! Fanny!"

"Nor the hand that struck the cruel blow."

"Forget it? Never! And if I forgive Simon Slade——"

"Nor the place where the blow was dealt," said Mrs. Morgan, interrupting him.

"Poor—poor child!" moaned the conscience-stricken man.

"Nor your promise, Joe—nor your promise given to our dying child."

"Father! Father! Dear father!" Mary's eyes suddenly unclosed, as she called her father eagerly.

"Here I am, love. What is it?" And Joe Morgan pressed up to the bed-side.

"Oh! it's you, father! I dreamed that you had gone out, and—and—but you won't, will you, dear father?"

"No, love—no."

"Never any more until I get well?"

"I must go out to work, you know, Mary."

"At night, father. That's what I mean. You won't, will you?"

"No, dear, no."

A soft smile trembled over the child's face; her eyelids drooped wearily, and she fell off into slumber again. She seemed not so restless as before—did not moan, nor throw herself about in her sleep.

"She's better, I think," said Morgan, as he bent over her, and listened to her softer breathing.

"It seems so," replied his wife. "And now, Joe, you must go to bed again. I will lie down here with Mary, and be ready to do any thing for her that she may want."

"I don't feel sleepy. I'm sure I couldn't close my eyes. So let me sit up with Mary. You are tired and worn out."

Mrs. Morgan looked earnestly into her husband's face. His eyes were unusually bright, and she noticed a slight nervous restlessness about his lips. She laid one of her hands on his and perceived a slight tremor.

"You must go to bed," she spoke firmly. "I shall not let you sit up with Mary. So go at once." And she drew him almost by force into the next room.

"It's no use, Fanny. There's not a wink of sleep in my eyes. I shall lie awake anyhow. So do you get a little rest."

Even as he spoke there was nervous twitchings of his arms and shoulders; and as he entered the chamber, impelled by his wife, he stopped suddenly and said:

"What is that?"

"Where?" asked Mrs. Morgan.

"Oh, it's nothing—I see. Only one of my old boots. I thought it a great black cat."

Oh! what a shudder of despair seized upon the heart of the wretched wife. Too well she knew the fearful signs of that terrible madness from which, twice before, he had suffered. She could have looked on calmly and

seen him die—but, "Not this—not this! Oh, Father in heaven!" she murmured, with such a heart-sinking that it seemed as if life itself would go out.

"Get into bed, Joe; get into bed as quickly as possible."

Morgan was now passive in the hands of his wife, and obeyed her almost like a child. He had turned down the bed-clothes, and was about getting in, when he started back, with a look of disgust and alarm.

"There's nothing there, Joe. What's the matter with you?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Fanny," and his teeth rattled together, as he spoke. "I thought there was a great toad under the clothes."

"How foolish you are!"—yet tears were blinding her eyes as she said this. "It's only fancy. Get into bed and shut your eyes. I'll make you another cup of strong coffee. Perhaps that will do you good. You're only a little nervous. Mary's sickness has disturbed you."

Joe looked cautiously under the bed-clothes, as he lifted them up still farther, and peered beneath.

"You know there's nothing in your bed; see!"

And Mrs. Morgan threw, with a single jerk, all the clothes upon the floor.

"There now! look for yourself. Now shut your eyes," she continued, as she spread the sheet and quilt over him, after his head was on the pillow. "Shut them tight and keep them so until I boil the water and make a cup of coffee. You know as well as I do that it's nothing but fancy."

Morgan closed his eyes firmly, and drew the clothes over his head.

"I'll be back in a very few minutes," said his wife, going hurriedly to the door. Ere leaving, however, she partly turned her head and glanced back. There sat her husband, upright and staring fearfully.

"Don't, Fanny; don't go away!" he cried, in a frightened voice.

"Joe! Joe! why will you be so fool-

ish? It's nothing but imagination. Now lie down and shut your eyes. Keep them shut. There now."

And she laid a hand over his eyes, and pressed it down tightly.

"I wish Doctor Green was here," said the wretched man. "He could give me something."

"Shall I go for him?"

"Go, Fanny! Run over right quickly."

"But you won't keep in bed."

"Yes, I will. There now." And he drew the clothes over his face. "There; I'll lie just so until you come back. Now run, Fanny, and don't stay a minute."

Scarcely stopping to think, Mrs. Morgan went hurriedly from the room, and drawing an old shawl over her head started with swift feet for the residence of Doctor Green, which was not very far away. The kind doctor understood at a word the sad condition of her husband, and promised to attend him immediately. Back she flew at even a wilder speed, her heart throbbing with vague apprehension. Oh! what a fearful cry was that which smote her ears as she came within a few paces of home. She knew the voice, changed as it was by terror, and a shudder almost palsied her heart. At a single bound she cleared the intervening space, and in the next moment was in the room where she had left her husband. But he was not there! With suspended breath, and feet that scarcely obeyed her will, she passed into the chamber where little Mary lay. Not here!

"Joe! husband!" she called in a faint voice.

"Here he is, mother." And now she saw that Joe had crept into the bed behind the sick child, and that her arm was drawn tightly around his neck.

"You won't let them hurt me, will you, dear?" said the poor, frightened victim of a terrible mania.

"Nothing will hurt you, father," answered Mary, in a voice that showed her mind to be clear, and fully conscious of her parent's true condition.

She had seen him thus before. Ah! what an experience for a child!

"You're an angel—my good angel, Mary," he murmured, in a voice yet trembling with fear. "Pray for me, my child. Oh, ask your Father in heaven to save me from these dreadful creatures. There now!" he cried, rising up suddenly, and looking toward the door. "Keep out! Go away! You can't come in here. This is Mary's room; and she's an angel. Ah, ha! I knew you wouldn't dare come in here—

"A single saint can put to flight
Ten thousand blustering sons of night "

He added in a half-wandering way, yet with an assured voice, as he laid himself back upon his pillow, and drew the clothes over his head.

"Poor father!" sighed the child, as she gathered both arms about his neck. "I will be your good angel. Nothing shall hurt you here."

"I knew I would be safe where you were," he whispered back—"I knew it, and so I came. Kiss me, love."

How pure and fervent was the kiss laid instantly upon his lips! There was a power in it to remand the evil influences that were surrounding and pressing in upon him like a flood. All was quiet now, and Mrs. Morgan neither by word nor movement disturbed the solemn stillness that reigned in the apartment. In a few minutes the deepened breathing of her husband gave a blessed intimation that he was sinking into sleep. Oh, sleep! sleep! How tearfully, in times past, had she prayed that he might sleep; and yet no sleep came for hours and days—even though powerful opiates were given—until exhausted nature yielded, and then sleep had a long, long struggle with death. Now the sphere of his loving, innocent child seemed to have overcome, at least for the time, the evil influences that were getting possession even of his external senses. Yes, yes, he was sleeping. Oh, what a fervent "Thank God!" went up from the heart of the stricken wife.

Soon the quick ears of Mrs. Morgan detected the doctor's approaching footsteps, and she met him at the door with a finger on her lips. A whispered word or two explained the better aspect of affairs, and the doctor said encouragingly:

"That's good, if he will only sleep on."

"Do you think he will, doctor?" was asked anxiously.

"He may. But we cannot hope too strongly. It would be something very unusual."

Both passed noiselessly into the chamber. Morgan still slept, and by his deep breathing it was plain that he slept soundly. And Mary, too, was sleeping, her face now laid against her father's, and her arms still about his neck. The sight touched even the doctor's heart and moistened his eyes. For nearly half an hour he remained; and then, as Morgan continued to sleep, he left medicine to be given immediately, and went home, promising to call early in the morning.

It is now past midnight, and we leave the lonely, sad-hearted watcher with her sick ones.

I was sitting, with a newspaper in my hand—not reading, but musing—at the "Sickle and Sheaf," late in the evening marked by the incidents just detailed.

"Where's your mother?" I heard Simon Slade inquire. He had just entered an adjoining room.

"She's gone out somewhere," was answered by his daughter Flora.

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"How long has she been away?"

"More than an hour."

"And you don't know where she went to?"

"No, sir."

Nothing more was said, but I heard the landlord's heavy feet moving backward and forward across the room for some minutes.

"Why, Ann! where have you been?"

The door of the next room had opened and shut.

"Where I wish you had been with me," was answered in a very firm voice.

"Where?"

"To Joe Morgan's."

"Humph!" Only this ejaculation met my ears. But something was said in a low voice, to which Mrs. Slade replied with some warmth.

"If you don't have his child's blood clinging for life to your garments, you may be thankful.

"What do you mean?" he asked, quickly.

"All my words indicate. Little Mary is very ill!"

"Well, what of it?"

"Much. The doctor thinks her in great danger. The cut on her head has thrown her into a violent fever, and she is delirious. Oh, Simon! if you had heard what I heard to-night."

"What?" was asked in a growling tone.

"She is out of her mind, as I said, and talks a great deal. She talked about you."

"Of me! Well, what had she to say?"

"She said—so pitifully—'I wish Mr. Slade wouldn't look so cross at me. He never did when I went to the mill. He doesn't take me on his knee now, and stroke my hair. Oh, dear!' Poor child! She was always so good."

"Did she say that?" Slade seemed touched.

"Yes, and a great deal more. Once she screamed out, 'Oh, don't! don't, Mr. Slade! don't! My head! my head!' It made my very heart ache. I can never forget her pale, frightened face, nor her cry of fear. Simon—if she should die!"

There was a long silence.

"If we were only back to the mill."

It was Mrs. Slade's voice.

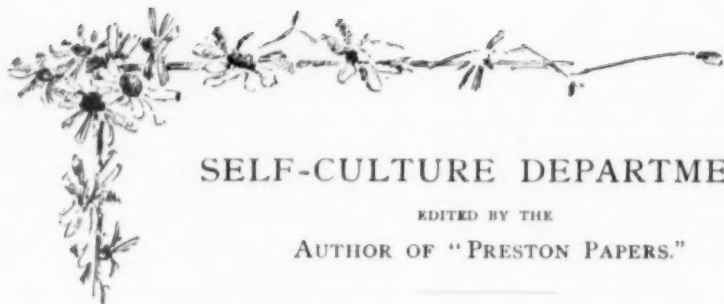
"There, now! I don't want to hear that again," quickly spoke out the landlord. "I made a slave of myself long enough."

"You had at least a clear conscience," his wife answered.

"Do hush, will you?" Slade was now angry. "One would think, by the way you talk sometimes that I had broken every command of the Decalogue."

"You will break hearts as well as commandments, if you keep on for a few years as you have begun—and ruin souls as well as fortunes."

Mrs. Slade spoke calmly, but with marked severity of tone. Her husband answered with an oath, and then left the room, banging the door after him. In the hush that followed I retired to my chamber, and lay for an hour awake, pondering on all I had just heard. What a revelation was in that brief passage of words between the landlord and his excited companion!



SELF-CULTURE DEPARTMENT

EDITED BY THE

AUTHOR OF "PRESTON PAPERS."

MOTTO: It is never too late—nor too early—to begin.

PROVERB: We do not cook rice by talking about it.—*Chinese.*

QUOTATION: "The great law of culture is: Let each become all that he was created capable of being; expand if possible to his full growth; resist all impediments; cast off all foreign, especially all noxious adhesions, and show himself at length in his own shape and stature, be these what they may."—*Thomas Carlyle.*

ETHICAL CULTURE. IV.

"Putting the Biggest Strawberries on Top in Church Work."

"Appearance to save, his only care;
So things seem right no matter what they are."
Churchill.

We all commend the minister when he makes his sermon "practical" by bringing it down to the every-day work and lives of his members; and we poke Jones in the sides when this same dignitary inveighs against the dishonesty of the grocer who sands his sugar; we smile across the aisle and the entire width of our face when he says that it is wrong to water the milk; and we at once pick out the market gardener as the subject of his ethical attack upon the principle of putting the biggest strawberries on the top of the basket—but how do we suppose the minister himself feels when he finds out that the grocer, the milkman, the market gardener and all the others got their first training in this most reprehensible habit of thought and practice right in the shadow of the sanctuary? That it grew and was fostered in the Sunday-

school? That the unconscious tuition was going on steadily, all the time, in nearly all lines of church work?

Would we not do well to call a halt, and see if we can help remedy these things by first reaching the homelife ourselves, and then branching out into church work?

"What do I mean?" Let me illustrate by way of reply. Not many moons since a large church, in the city, was to "receive" its new pastor on Easter morning. Great preparation had been made by the several boards of stewards and trustees to have everything done in good shape, and on a large scale, so that—as one man expressed it—"he shall see that we are no slouches."

Well, I was in the Sunday-school on the Sabbath preceding the great event, and what do you think? The superintendent stood before that gathering, some five or six hundred, and nearly all young, many of them wee children, who had yet to learn the first step in the role of "making a good appearance," which he gave them in this wise:

"Children, we are to have our new

pastor with us next Sunday for the first time, and we want to make a good impression on him. We want him to think this is the grandest collection of Sunday-school scholars in the city. Now some of you do not come to church except once a year—and that at Christmas time—but let me beg of you to come next Sunday. I want to see the entire body of the church filled with our Sunday-school, so that the older members of the church will have to occupy the gallery—and I don't much care if they have to stand. I'd be glad to stand myself, if it were because for once we could make a good show of attendance at the morning service. Just think how his heart will warm toward a church that turns out such a congregation," etc., etc., *ad libitum*, *ad infinitum*, *ad nauseum*.

I was shocked, but I thought to give vent to my feelings in the Bible class, of which I was a member, and which was taught by a gray-haired old man, one of the "saints on earth kind." Imagine my horror when, no sooner had the door closed upon the class, "shutting all the world without, and just ourselves within," than he, too, took up the tune so lately dropped by the superintendent.

I attempted a remonstrance, but was (of course) very promptly frowned down, and he enjoined every one in the class to not only come, but to "Bring some one else. No matter who; they will all be welcome, and we will make room for them. Let us see if our class cannot turn out entire itself, and with double the number of strangers, to greet our new pastor, and to make him feel that he has a large army of supporters behind him," etc.

Well, the fact of the matter is that we all feel hurt when we find the lying habit creeping into our households; we mourn that the young folks prefer show to worth, and yet—what is even the church doing to prevent it?

How will that minister feel when he finds that the very congregation which greeted his first appearance among them was drawn, not from the rank

and file of those upon whom he could depend for help, and to stay his hands in his struggle for souls, but from the multitudes who "go to church but once a year, and that at Christmas time"? Will he not become prematurely discouraged, and say to himself: "Surely, I cannot win my way to the hearts of these people, for they do not come to the place of worship unless there is a 'show' of one sort or another. There was a big audience that first morning that I was here, and not enough for a corporal's guard since. What can I have done to so repel them?" And will not the result justify him in thinking that it would have been better and far wiser for the officers to keep still, and let him find out by slow degrees the amount of apathy which he must encounter in his field of labor?

How can he, by his sermons, undo what the other officials of the church and Sunday-school are doing—unintentionally, perhaps, but doing it all the same?

There is too much of this putting on for appearance's sake, even in our church work; and it sometimes seems to me that if the same effort were expended in securing the attention of the indifferent, relieving the necessities of those who, by sickness or poverty, are compelled to remain away from Divine service, there would be a more lasting and natural growth in the congregations, as well as a better degree of respect for truth among the young—for young though they are, it is not possible to keep them from tracing results back to causes, actions back to motives, in this day and generation. We have taught them to think and to speak for themselves "John Alden"; and we cannot limit their tendency to do this, even when it runs counter to our own wish and takes up the arms of criticism against our own work.

Let us not condemn the milkman, grocer, market gardener and "outsiders" until we have at least cleared our own dooryard, and made our practice parallel to our preaching.

SPIRITUAL CULTURE. IV.

"He made the Sabbath shine before
The work days and the care;
And set about its golden door
The messengers of prayer."
Alice Cary: "Mercies."

Too many of us begin the breaking of the Sabbath with each Monday morning, and keep it up through the entire week, until by the time the morning of the blessed day has looped back the curtains of the new week, we are in a state bordering on prostration—and instead of going to church with head and heart fixed upon the service we are dull, listless and inattentive. The music frets or lulls us, the readings make no impression, and the sermon fills us with displeasure or leaves us as empty as we came.

When this is the case it is time that we either took a remedy for "Sunday prostration" or hunted up a preventive. I do not deal in the former, but am recommending the latter to all who come my way. Here it is: "Take no thought for the morrow," and I interpret it as meaning no anxious thought; no thought which will intrude when and where it has no business; no thought that will bring on Sunday prostration, at first, and soon be followed by nervous prostration—for if we can steer clear of the one, we are likely to avoid the other.

Why should we hurry and worry, when our Father has said that He will not send us burdens greater than we can bear? Can we not use this gift of "trust" to prevent Sunday prostration, and then put with it a little common sense, so that we will not break the Sabbath so long beforehand as to make the prostration seem inevitable?

SOCIAL CULTURE PAPERS. III.

As to Laughing.

A laugh doeth good like medicine, but you must be sure to have the laugh with others, not at them, if you would have it really do good. The kindness

which governs in other things should in this; no substituting of something else that's "just as good" for the Golden Rule, which should control our conduct—for nothing else is just as good, nor nearly as good.

Here are a few "don'ts" for the little people—and we are all little sometimes—to observe about laughter:

1. Don't laugh at an accident. It is bad enough to be the victim of embarrassment, such as comes with any accident, without being at the same time the butt of ridicule.

2. Don't laugh at misfortune of any kind. Sympathy need not be vocal to be very expressive, but it is much more potent for good than ridicule or amusement.

3. Don't laugh at a mistake. Your own mistakes are coming in every day—and you don't want to be paid in money of your own coining, unless the coin is of the best standard quality.

4. Don't laugh at the aged. Some day you'll be just as old as the oldest man or woman you know—if you live long enough.

5. Don't laugh at the awkward. It is not so much to your credit that you are graceful as it is that you are kind. "There's nothing so royal as kindness" and it is not kind to laugh at a person whom you think awkward.

6. Don't laugh at a joke that has any doubtful meaning. All coarse or mean conversation should be frowned down.

7. Don't laugh in the way that will disturb others.

For Teachers.

A good laugh in school is sometimes the very best incentive to good work. Show your appreciation of humor, and of genuine wit, if you would not blot out some other things.

Neither is it to be ignored that the influence of a laugh will eradicate some of the most grievous faults in a school. The teacher who can laugh with her school is a power in it. This does not mean a senseless giggle, in perpetual motion, but a hearty laugh

now and then at just the right time to point a moral or adorn a tale.

There is a time and place for everything; and although neither church nor school would be selected as the specially adapted place for this sort of relaxation, I can see that it might be a real help in the work of each, properly harnessed and led—not driven.

MIND CULTURE. IV.

Spare Minutes.

Life is so busy nowadays—leisure so far away—that to most of us Longfellow's stanza is echoed at the close of each day's duty:

"Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone;
Something, uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun."

And yet so much may be accomplished, so much learned, if we but know how to utilize the spare moments, to turn to account what fragments of time would otherwise go into the waste basket that I am disposed to relate a pleasant thing that happened to me in a town in western New York where I had been giving a talk in the leading church. The pastor's wife and I were old friends, and she had entertained me, while there, and we got to talking over motives, inspirations, etc. In a burst of sympathetic confidence she said to me:

"Do you know that one thing which you wrote has been of ever so much help to me?"

"Why, no," in great surprise. "How was that?"

"In one of your 'Talks with My School Girls' you wrote of the use of odd minutes, and told how certain things had been done by those who had but little time. I was very desirous just then of studying elocution, with others, but Mr. P—'s salary was small and I was trying in every way to help—doing my own work, taking care of the baby, etc., and I did not think that I had any time. But in this article you told how someone had done such and

such things while washing dishes, making beds, and doing other work—and I thought that I could at least try, and I began. I was surprised, not only at my own progress, but at the fact that I enjoyed my housework better when I found that it did not absorb my intellectual faculties, and I have often meant to tell you that you gave me the inspiration." As it may be of some help to someone else I will give the article as it appeared in the New York "Christian Advocate:"

SPARE MINUTES.

A TALK WITH MY SCHOOL-GIRLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF PRESTON PAPERS.

If you have not tried to make the most of your odd minutes, the experiment will surprise you in its results. Bits of work in a convenient place, ready to "catch up" when callers drop in, are neither unsocial nor "bad form."

Last winter I hemmed a complete set of table linen during the frequent evening calls of a literary friend, who came in informally to chat about current literature. This winter, while waiting for my orders to be filled at the lunch house where I go for my afternoon meal, I have read Barnes' "History of Rome," Townsend's "Protestant Queen of Navarre," and Shakespeare's "Richard Second."

Several years ago I boarded where I invariably had to wait from five to fifteen minutes for breakfast. There were never any books or papers lying about in the sitting room, for it was an orderly (?) housekeeper that presided, so I crocheted. I made an Afghan for a carriage and one for a sister's baby cab, a skirt for one friend, a hood for another, a jacket for a third, and two scarfs and fifteen pairs of mittens for my school children!

When I have potatoes or dishes to wash, or stockings to darn, I always have some choice bit of prose or some favorite poem by me, which I should never otherwise have time to learn. And if house work is a "drudge" to you, as I hope it may not be, this course will help to make it bearable, if not desirable, by the very opportunity it offers for self-improvement.

When I travel, a book or pen always helps the time pass delightfully at some wayside station,

where delay would, without it, have been found tedious.

Try some of these ways, and in a year report.

Finally: Learn a line, a phrase, a stanza, or a thought, if nothing more, each day, in some way. You will be more than repaid for the effort, even at the end of the month. I mean to look up some bright helpful bits for every day in the month, and put them into some sort of calendar shape for you to use in this way, beginning soon. You will be gratified to see how you will find yourself repeating these to yourself and to others, as you become familiar with a few choice bits in this systematic way, and I should not be surprised if you would be encouraged from the pleasure that it will give to spend even more effort in this way.

BODY CULTURE. V.

Our Third Necessity: The Question of Fig Leaves.

The vexed question of dress began in the Garden of Eden and has been puzzled over by Eve's daughters—and sons—with but little variation in degree ever since, except that the complications have increased with every century of civilization, until the women of to-day are actually found studying how to dress for: 1, health; 2, comfort; 3, fitness; 4, beauty; 5, economy; and as the first consideration is that of health, the subject is not out of place in this department.

It may not be fair to judge one entirely by dress—in fact it would usually be eminently unjust; as a rule it is a large factor to be considered in reading character. True, one may have the innate refinement which usually accompanies good taste in dress and yet be unable to manifest it in his apparel because duties paramount to this take the time, attention and money which "good" dressing requires: this man or woman is almost worthy of sainthood for self-denial, as there are few things by which one is conscious of attracting

adverse criticism so readily as by shabbiness in this direction; and it requires a very superior grade of both heart and intellect to be willing to do this for the sake of others.

Many a teacher can testify to this truth, as it is oftener found in that profession than in almost any other that the meager salary of the teacher not only pays for previously used educational advantages, but besides supporting him now (I use the gender indiscriminately in this article—with intent) it also helps younger brothers and sisters to equal or better opportunities or provides creature comforts for other aged, invalid or unfortunate relatives. To such all honor!

But there are those who are careless in this matter, indifferent to its claims and oblivious of effects. To them I write this paragraph: Your dress is a part of you; and carelessly or if intentionally unfit in any way it detracts from your personal influence, from your commercial value and from your moral, intellectual and financial progress. Let me illustrate:

Many, many years ago—while I was yet on the sunny side of fifty—a great religious revival was in progress in the village where I then lived. Meetings were held in the hall downtown at 7.30, 10, 12, 3, and 7.45 daily, and were crowded. Business men, students, housekeepers, domestics, everybody, attended from one to three daily. Prominent among them was a really good woman, but who (alas!) with mistaken notions of religious duty (?) did not stop to button her shoes nor to properly arrange her hair! The time came when this prevented the value (and who can tell of the effect?) of her prayers for one soul—a business man who had been concerned for his eternal welfare, but was struck with the incongruity of a prayer for purity of heart coming from a woman whose outward appearance was greatly in evidence of a general lack of purity—the sequel I never learned, but heard the criticisms!

I. Necessarily the subject should be first considered from the standpoint of

health—as anything is of value which promotes this, economizes the life principle and gives robust workers to the world instead of semi-delicate dabblers, with a cough one day because the “boa” (which ought never to have been worn) was forgotten; or a stomach ache because the vest or other garment is too tight! Or, instead, those whose feet have been pinched into corns and bunions that forbid the necessary three-to-five mile daily constitutional; or whose clothing is so heavy (and so improperly carried) that the nervous force is used up in that which should be expended in matters of greater moment—or who is afflicted by the dozen and one ailments which come from lack of knowledge or care in this direction.

Dress with one eye on your health.

II. One's apparel may be ever so healthful—and yet be decidedly uncomfortable;—and it pays to consider this, even in hats, for both sexes. The little things which make you conscious of yourself should be avoided.

Study comfort, ease, in your dress; and if stiff hats, whalebones, linen, leather, annoy you, avoid them—unless you are in great danger by so doing. I wouldn't invite ruin, even for comfort.

III. Fitness includes age, condition, work, environment and sex! I do not include the latter mainly because we often see men wearing ear-rings (why should anyone?) veils or “sashes”; but for obvious reasons which preponderate on the other side of the house! Manly men and womanly women will not borrow each other's attire.

IV. Beauty or style is not to be ignored—though extremes of fashion are ever to be avoided. Tidiness is a great aid in this direction. Well laundered linen, well brushed cloth, freshly polished (oiled, if preferred) shoes, are little items—but they help make up the general appearance.

Be as neat as wax, if you choose to; the penalties are not beyond your power to pay.

V. “Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy.
But not express in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.”

Economy should not be purchased at the expense of any of the preceding considerations—but it is not always “economy” to buy goods whose chief recommendation is their price. Judgment is required here, as elsewhere. Neither is it economy to put on “second-hand” silk or other inappropriate costumes for your every day work because you have them on hand and they are too shabby or too antique for other places. Don't get in the habit of looking upon your work room as a sort of “old clothes” shop, where you can economize in the cost of dress by using your cast-offs and made overs without reference to the eternal fitness of things. “A place for everything and everything in its place” forbids this—even if not tabooed by other cogent reasons.

By the way, this is an unusually good time to “shop.” Material can be purchased much cheaper now than usually, and at present prices makes a good investment. Shoes, umbrellas, etc., will keep; and it pays to take advantage of current prices in dress goods and ready-made garments. “A word to the wise is sufficient.”

PRACTICAL CHILD STUDY.

For the Arthur's Magazine Mother's Club.

The Lying Child.

So common is this evil, so entirely in many cases is it committed with a conscience void of offense, that the child who escapes its baneful influence is a marked character, even in American history. Why, I think it is Dr. Holland who says that one of the rarest powers possessed by man is the power to state a fact, adding that while it seems a very simple thing to tell the truth “Beyond all question there is nothing half so easy as lying”—which statement seems to me to border on exaggeration, at least, and

yet it illustrates my point: the prevalence of the wrong.

In combating any serious evil we must understand its nature, its causes, effects, remedies or helps, if any—and this is a serious evil, one found in our schools too often to be ignored. How can we treat it wisely?

First, let us discriminate between a lie and an untruth, for while all lies are untruths the converse does not, of necessity, follow. The courts hold that "motive governs"—in cases of fraud, deceit, etc.; therefore we may safely rest upon this ethical point, intent; and having ascertained that deceit was practiced, next find if it was wilful; if done with intent to deceive, a lie was told, even though not a word was spoken (See Webster, Unabridged); but if innocently done without wilful misrepresentation, then although facts may have been stated exactly contrary to their actual existence, only an untruth has been uttered.

Here comes the very finest work of parent or teacher: to ascertain which grade or class the error belongs.

If an untruth has been uttered, find out whether it was because of: (1) lack of language to express clearly what was definitely apprehended; (2) a false impression of the facts; (3) carelessness in conveying the impression intended; or (4) lack of perceptive powers, which would give a one-sided view of what perhaps required a keen perception for a full understanding of it. Treat accordingly, but not as for a lie.

Second, if a lie, pure and simple, spoken or only acted, has been brought to your notice, first ascertain its cause. It may have arisen through fear, false pride, vanity, mischief, or malice. All but the last one can be educated out of the child, even though in some cases the process should be somewhat slow. Malice originates in or grows from envy, jealousy, or other evil principles, and is more difficult to eradicate, as it must be a work directed solely to the heart and conscience. Love, tenderness, equity, sympathy,

wisdom, will all be called into play—all needed in reaching the vital point of the lie that is told from malice. In all such cases go slowly. Go slowly anyway.

Now, as to the effect of the lie or its cousin, the untruth. Who was injured by it, beyond the one who uttered it? See that prompt and full redress, so far as you can, is made, and that the offender sees the enormity of the evil wrought, even though done carelessly, and without intent to harm. Carelessness, like any other fault, should be made objectionable in the eyes of the children; nor should "I didn't mean to," wipe out all traces of the trouble. Too many travel through life in this slipshod way, never thinking until too late—damaging property, characters, lives with equal thoughtlessness, excusing themselves with "I didn't think." You are to teach them to think.

If the effect is felt only by the one who told the untruth, a private talk—serious, earnest, but not a "preachment"—is sufficient. As to the remedies:

First of all, study the child, his heredity, environment, personality. Until you know these in part you are using an uncertain measure to test something whose effects will only be known in eternity. You have an unusually grave responsibility before you in the treatment of a liar, whether he is one by birth, environment, or other accident.

Second, having classified the offense, apply to the individual case the most judicious treatment of which you are master, dealing firmly but not harshly with each.

Finally for all training of heart, mind, body, confer as often as possible with other parents and with real friends of children.

HOT WEATHER HINTS. I.

Generally.

Save irritation and heat of person, as well as of house, by lighting the fire as little as possible, planning so much

work as can be done by it while burning, and have it put out as soon as the work is finished.

Ironing and baking can be done while the meals are being prepared by using just a little of the intellect in which you pride yourself; and so of the washing. Have some of the necessary baking ready to put in the oven while the clothes are being boiled, and, by the way, these may be gotten ready the evening beforehand, so as to save wear and tear in the morning, and the boiling done by the same fire that gets your breakfast. Teach your domestics economy in practical ways.

Don't get such heavy foods for breakfast now as you did in the winter and early spring, and resort more and more to fruits for dessert, and let the dinner consist of vegetables to a large degree. The breakfast will be easily gotten, and very palatable, if some of the shredded wheat products are used or the granose put up by the companies advertising them, neither of which require cooking; and these can be followed by eggs, coffee (cereal or otherwise, as you can prevail upon your family), toast, stewed potatoes or potato salad.

Lemonade is a good breakfast drink, now or at any time, although those who expect to indulge in a dish of any of the cereals with an accompaniment of milk will not use it, of course, for fear of the quarrel which would be more than likely to ensue between the two.

Plan to have the ironing done as far as possible in the cool of the morning—and I would suggest that the mother or other houseworker will find that it pays to rise early for any kind of work, and then nap enough to make up, later in the day—just after luncheon being a very good time. Get the children to do this if you can—and you can. It will save many a sickness if they are kept in the house, cool and quiet, during the intense heat of the noon hour.

After the sun is well up in the sky, say by half-past eight or nine o'clock,

shut the doors and windows, keeping them closed and the curtains at least partly drawn, until the sun has begun to disappear. Then open wide, and you will be surprised to see how much cooler the house is than when you keep the windows open and the blinds or shutters closed. After the earth gets all heated up, the hot air outside comes from its surface; and if you keep it shut out, there is no reason why the house should not remain cool as it started in the morning.

Avoid the hot spices (always, but especially now) and substitute foods that are simple in taste and easy of construction. Provide cooling drinks for the family, and show them that they should be taken in slow sips—when they are not hurtful, but helpful.

Water that is put in tightly corked bottles and set in the refrigerator, to cool and to stay cool, will be quite as acceptable as that which has ice in it, and will materially reduce the necessity for extra quantities of this commodity when it is too expensive a luxury for unlimited use. Wrapping the pitcher in flannel, wet in cold water, will also help keep the water cool when standing on the side table; and if you have ice in the pitcher, this exclusion of air will add to its length of life and usefulness.

Don't make or allow the children to wear too elaborately constructed clothing, especially of that which goes to the (home or other) laundry. Simply made wash goods that will do up easily, and plenty of clean garments which do not compel some one to stand over the ironing table too much are better than the fussy ones of which special care must be taken.

A hammock helps out for summer beds, either indoors or out, and even if two are permitted to occupy the same bed during the cooler weather (which is not hygienic at any time) they should not be compelled to do so now. The beds should be kept as cool and clean as possible, and no light burned in the sleeping room except during the few minutes that are neces-

sary for the undressing, etc. Even prayers can be "said" (or repeated) according to your religion—or want of it! with the gas very low, or the lamp outside the door.

A wet sheet hung in a sick room, or in any, will reduce the temperature.

Water sprinkled upon a bare floor will do the same thing.

Gas and kerosene stoves greatly reduce the problem of heat in the kitchen, and do not much increase the expense in the one case, nor work in the other.

Take down the heavy portieres used all winter, and the heavy window draperies, and for them substitute light muslins or cretonnes, silkolines or any light material, which will not hinder the air currents from free circulation.

Finally, as Mr. Stoddard wisely said, in last month's "Arthur's." "Above all, don't fret nor worry." That is a heat producer which the very least of us may control.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS. V.

In the Dining Room.

Dining rooms are too often cheerless things, where it is utterly impossible to get the best from the food that is prepared, because of the lack of just the right "atmosphere." The room itself should be (1) light; (2) well ventilated; (3) warm, but not overheated in winter, cool in summer; (4) clean—I am not sure but that should have gone first; and (5) well furnished, which by no means implies expensively furnished. A table which can be kept set, so as to save unnecessary labor; a small side table, for things which may be needed during the progress of the meals, but which are too large, heavy, or numerous, for the dining table; or a sideboard (this is not indispensable) and the dining chairs, with appropriate pictures, are ample, for an ordinary dining room, and not too much for convenience.

I will speak of these in their natural order, beginning with

The Table.

Nothing is prettier for a tablecloth than pure white, but that too often degenerates into what has been white, but is now a grimy gray. Keep the napery snowy and well ironed, if you would have the china, glass and silver look well on it, and the prepared dishes taste "good." A great help toward this is found in the prevention principle—training the domestics or the members of the family to be careful in handling fruits, etc., so as not to have spots all over it. When accidents do come, as they will, even among the best, see that the effect is at once removed—fruit stains and tea, by pouring boiling water through the fabric. Lemon juice will take out iron rust if not too old; and milk, poured on sweet and allowed to stand until it sours, will wash out ink.

The ironing is best done when the cloth is very damp, with a rather more than moderately hot iron, and the pressing continued until the cloth is thoroughly dry. That will give a polish, even without the adjunct of starch, although a thin starch is an improvement. Then if small cloths for platter, tray, etc., are added, mats for the vegetable dishes and the water pitcher, the cloth will keep clean for several days. We used to turn ours, but I always hated to. When the laundering depends on one person, though, and that one the "house mother," who has more than she ought to do without this, even that "makeshift" may be pardoned. The mats, trav cloths and doilies are easily washed and afford great protection from accident to the cloth. An underspread is helpful, and canton flannel is good.

Then the dishes. These should be, mainly, of white, too, with the odd pieces of decorated ware; and almost under no circumstances should a cracked or nicked dish be used. All the dishes should be spotlessly clean; and this can be secured only by having some one attend to it who has a soul that soars above the pots and

pans with which she deals; who can give now and then a thought to the integrity which does well whatever is undertaken. There must be clean dishwater and plenty of it, and of towels; the treatment will be noted elsewhere, for there is a fine art in washing dishes which not every one attains who does it.

Each dish may be selected with especial reference to what is to be put on it—butter looking best on white, pale blue, or delicate green; baked potatoes in white, or very light tints; oranges, like butter; white bread on dark backgrounds, and brown bread on white or light colored plates; green peas, beans, lettuce, cucumbers, etc., look best on white, pink, blue or yellow dishes. Study effects in color, and do not get a combination which offends the eye—always remembering that, although it may look "cold," white is the keynote for table dressing.

Again, most of the dishes which are to receive warm foods should be warm, not alone the plates, but the oatmeal dishes, coffee cups, platters, vegetable dishes, etc.

And the table should be "set," not having the things "pitched" on; the plates in a pile before the one who carves, when there is meat to be served, soup dishes ditto (I say "dishes" as so many serve the soup in something besides the shallow plates so much in vogue formerly); the cups on a tray, opposite the meat end or side of the table, with cream, sugar, slop bowl, and spoons in easy reach. Knives, forks, teaspoons, butter plate at each plate, and a dessert spoon if soup is served; salt and pepper dish within close range, to avoid troubling someone else to hand them when wanted; butter, sugar, syrup, bread, water, vinegar and other condiments grouped according to probable needs, and with an eye to form; tumblers near the water pitcher; large spoons near each dish which is to be served from; saucers for each thing requiring a separate dish; and some one to see that everything is done in due season.

This should not fall to the mother, and many families object to having a domestic present at meal time; but if an elder daughter is available (one which is not elder is equally good if well trained: in my own home a wee little five-year-old mite took great delight in the honor) can do this by giving a few minutes to it at the beginning of the meal; and keeping an eye open afterward, there need be nothing burdensome nor embarrassing about it.

Then comes the seating, which should be done by signal (spoken, in homes where the work is done by the family; a bell where domestic service is had, and this should be done "nicely," too; not a gruff "Come to dinner," but rather "dinner is ready," spoken distinctly, but without impatience. If a bell is used, it should not convey the impatience which we all feel when dinner has been delayed. Oh, how much the tone of that signal may do for us in the way of manners! It speaks of temper, of silent martyrdom (which is not always so silent as it might be, either), of outraged patience, or of the "peace which passeth all understanding."

The entire family should honor the call to meals and not come straggling in five, ten, or fifteen minutes late, except under pressure of great necessity.

Meal time should be the one time in the day when all can join in common topics of conversation, and these should be selected with care. The table is not the place to settle differences of feeling or opinion, nor for long-winded debates. Troubles of all kinds should be kept in the background, and the conversation be of a light, cheerful nature, one that will aid digestion, wait on appetite and engender genuine good feeling.

Courtesy, even in little things, gets a start (or a check) at the table; and table manners stamp a man or woman as lady, gentleman or boor.

Corn should be held in one hand and eaten, not gnawed.

The napkin should never get above

the lap, except in the case of very small children, who should wear bibs until they have learned not to slop. A napkin for them once a week, as a sort of prize, will be an incentive toward care.

Only the fork or spoon need be used to convey the food to the mouth, the cutting of meat, etc., being performed beforehand. The fork, turned sideways, will cut almost everything, and used for strawberries, and similar fruits and other dishes where spoons have heretofore held sway, even ice cream being taken on a fork now—although that presupposes that it is always served solid, which cannot always be done.

The tea or coffee spoon should rest in the saucer, never in the cup after the sugar is once stirred, except to carry the drink from the cup.

In passing the plate for a second helping of meat the knife and fork should be retained, not passed with the plate.

In rising before the signal for leaving, "Excuse me, please," should never be omitted, but addressed to either presiding head of the table.

Dessert should not be served too rapidly, and the table should be cleared for it, the crumbs lightly brushed off, and a new set of dishes used. This may be done easily by having the things all ready beforehand, on the sideboard or side table.

Under no ordinary circumstance should the mother be obliged to jump up from the table to serve the rest; she needs the rest more than any one else does at this time, and if she pours the tea, chocolate, or other beverage, she should not undertake more.

JAPAN AND THE HAWAIIAN QUESTION.

A war-cloud is looming up in the Far-Eastern horizon. It is so far distant, indeed, that the dark, angry cloud is scarcely visible to us. Steam and electricity may have partly annihilated space, but so long as there is no cable resting on the bed of the Pacific, and no press rates are granted over the telegraph lines stretched across the continent of Asia, so long shall we continue in ignorance of what is passing day by day among our neighbors across the Pacific. And just now an accurate account would form interesting reading, because it concerns us very much.

It was not in 1871, but in 1876 or 1877 that the treaty between Japan and the Hawaiian Islands relating to the importation of Japanese laborers in the Sandwich Islands was signed. The writer remembers distinctly that the Tsukuba-Kan, a Japanese schoolship, Capt. Ito (now Vice-Minister of the Navy), arrived in Honolulu in the spring of 1876, and that King Kalakaua then for the first time inquired as to the possibility of such a treaty being arranged. After it had been signed, emigrant societies were formed and immigrants continued to arrive from Japan until they numbered fully 30,000.

It did not take long to discover that the Japanese laborers, while very desirable help so long as they are few, are not easily to manage when they feel strong in number, as the following incident will show:

The Japanese laborers on the sugar plantations near Spreckelsville, Maui,—one of the Hawaiian Islands,—number about 300. They were dissatisfied

with one Kawata, an interpreter in the employ of the planters, whom they accused of misappropriating money entrusted to him, and of overcharging them for his services, and demanded his discharge. His employers refused this, whereupon they plotted to kill him. No sooner had they determined to do so than they went in a body to the interpreter's hut and literally stoned him to death.

When the news of this outrage reached Wailuku, the sheriff with a number of deputies hastened to the disturbed district, and, although the Japanese showed a threatening demeanor, succeeded in arresting four of the ringleaders and in taking them to jail. The Coolies then planned an attack upon the jail, and marched to Wailuku, but the authorities had been notified, and the Citizens' Guard and many armed volunteers had turned out to protect the jail. The Japanese were infuriated and the situation looked so dangerous that the citizens sent their wives and children away and prepared to fight. When the mob saw the determined stand taken and looked into the loaded rifles, their spokesman confined himself to the demand: "Not four, but 300 killed Kawata; you should arrest all of us." When they saw that violence would be of no avail, they dispersed grumblingly.

The incident, by no means unique, explains the refusal of the Hawaiian authorities to admit the 313 contract laborers about whose landing the controversy arose, and, whatever may be said about the desirability or undesirability of increasing the number of Japanese subjects on the Islands, it is

certain that the Hawaiian authorities acted in an unlawful manner and in violation of the treaty.

The native press of Japan eagerly took up the subject and discussed it in a more or less heated manner, according to the friendliness of the writers to the present cabinet. Remarkable among these utterances is that of the "Nippon," the more so since it mirrors the estimate with which the Japanese regard us. "It talks of Hawaii as of a girl or a child, but is willing to admit that the little person, being an acknowledged householder, must be treated as a grown-up individual. Still, this immigration question itself seems contemptibly petty in the eyes of the Chauvinist journal. Hawaii must be admonished. If admonition prove ineffectual, then, perhaps, it may be necessary to punish her. On the other hand, possibly the Japanese emigration agencies failed to comply strictly with the laws. Truly such matters do not deserve to be elevated to the rank of international questions. Hawaii's guardian merits more attention. It is supposed that the United States might assist her. That does not affect the rights or wrongs of the question, and should not affect Japan's conduct in the least. Besides, America is not in a position to assist Hawaii, even if she had the desire to do so. She has talked much of aiding the Cuban insurgents, but the talk has ended in talk. Even for the protection of her own coasts, her naval and military forces are insufficient, and her national policy of non-interference outside her own borders has never varied. During the Chinese war her people used to say, half in joke but half in earnest, that if Japan appeared at the Golden Gate her invasion could not be checked by any American force then available, and that she might easily become mistress of all the region west of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. She is not going out of her way to assist a little island in the far Pacific. But these are eventualities scarcely of a serious character. The main point for Japanese diplomats to

remember is that the problem now before them is not a mere affair of emigration or of the rights of one or two trading companies. It is the problem of determining whether Japanese subjects shall be placed on the same level and treated in the same manner as white men."

This résumé, taken verbatim from the entirely reliable "Japan Mail" of recent date, shows the spirit of the Japanese Samurai, even before the question had reached the acute stage precipitated by the proposed annexation of the Hawaiian Islands. The comments of the Japanese press upon this act of the Executive will form highly interesting, but not very flattering reading. But it is well, in connection with this affair, to know a little more than we do about the Japanese people and the feeling that animates them.

Japan, since the acquisition of Formosa and the Pescadores Islands, has a population of over forty-five millions. All these people, without exception, are satisfied to leave the direction of public affairs in the hands of the four hundred thousand adults composing the Shizoku, or, as they style themselves, the official class. These men, the Samurai or two-sworded retainers of feudal times, have many highly commendable qualities, the chief among which is an intense patriotism, wholly disregarding of self. Scorning luxury, they despise the personal acquisition of wealth, and, although poorly, in our eyes even meanly paid, such a thing as speculation is practically unknown, and as to bribery, that man's life would not be worth many hours' purchase who would dare tempt the official integrity of a shizoku. They occupy the civil as well as the military offices, form the cabinet and control the actions of the Tenno as absolutely as those of the meanest Coolie. Proud, intensely proud of their rank, they care not to exalt it by means of outward show; indeed, wealthy or poor, they are satisfied to live on rice and fish, to sleep on their mats, despising our more luxurious manner of living as ef-

feminate and "injurious to any people." Eating of the bread of humiliation during the first years of the present Tenno's reign, they have examined our institutions, improvements, and manners, adopting such as might strengthen their nation's growth, and contemptuously discarding those that might interfere with the glory of their beloved Dai Nippon. The people, for hundreds of years bred in respect and awe for them, are quite satisfied to follow their slightest behests, even where serious sacrifices are demanded. In dealing, then, with the Japanese people, only the sentiment of the Shizoku needs be inquired into.

The first question is as to their feeling towards us. It is very much to be regretted that the American public has been hopelessly misled in regard to this. The Japanese Shizoku has neither forgotten nor forgiven that our first representative induced the government of that time to enter into a commercial treaty with us under what they considered as threats. In the History of the Empire of Japan, published by order of the Department of Education (Tokyo, 1893), and which may be considered as an official history, occurs the following passage (p. 353):

"The officials of the government who were opposed to foreign intercourse, construed into menaces the proposals advanced by the American envoy, and claimed that the country had been subjected to the shame of concluding a commercial treaty under pressure of force. The spread of that idea aroused much indignation against the Tokugawa Government, and many of the nobles, especially Nariakira of Mito, addressed memorials to Kyoto, complaining that the opening of the country to foreign trade and intercourse was contrary to the best interests of the state."

This book, written by Shizoku, and carefully revised by them, gives the origin of the feeling of a dislike bordering upon contempt—a feeling veiled only on account of the very considerable profit derived from the in-

tercourse with us. For not only have our missionary societies spent enormous sums of money for the benefit of the Japanese, and have provided them, without charge, with a host of very valuable teachers; but the United States have proved by far the best customers of Japanese products. It is curious to read the table of exports and imports of Japan, which is here inserted:

1894-1895.		
	Exports to	Imports from
United States....	\$17,475,858.73	\$3,836,957.29
Great Britain ..	3,147,463.62	17,595,665.64
China	4,860,084.60	10,770,464.25
France	12,305,144.25	2,082,324.51
Hong Kong	9,883,901.25	5,208,884.73
British India ..	1,556,779.77	5,467,788.27
Germany	869,425.20	4,610,424.42
Corea	810,783.09	1,259,646.57

The Japanese are fully informed as to the strength as well as to the weakness of the United States. They know the extent, population, and resources of this country, as well as the astonishing energy and ingenuity of our people. But they have, or imagine they have, a tolerable understanding of the speculation that prevails among officeholders, and which they suppose penetrates to the highest positions within the gift of the people. They consider the statesmen—Heaven save the mark!—who are sent to Japan to represent us, as fair specimens of American diplomatic ability, and they take no pains to hide the cordial contempt they feel for them. Ask any American citizen who was brought into contact with the Japanese authorities about the estimate in which we are held, and the answer, if sincere, will prove a revelation.

Taking this into consideration the feeling of the present Cabinet in Tokyo is well worth reflecting upon. The Japanese press proclaims aloud that the Ito Cabinet fell, because of the retrocession of the Liao-tung Peninsula, and that the present government entered into office under promise of a "Strong Policy." This means, purely and simply, not to submit, under any circumstances, to the demands of a nation of white people; in other words,

to oppose, even to war, any act that might be construed as an insult to Japan.

Okubo, the present minister of foreign affairs, was especially virulent in his opposition to the late Cabinet; and, although his official position may somewhat modify his extreme chauvinism, the question is: Can he, and dare he oppose the general disposition among the Shizoku, to measure swords with some white nation? He lost one leg by a dynamite bomb, and hence knows by rude experience the impatience of those of his fellow-subjects who belong to his own class. He knows, and is fully in sympathy with their resentment of any insult, real or fancied. And, although the impending

struggle with Russia might induce the Cabinet to attempt to solve the question by peaceful diplomacy, it is doubtful, extremely doubtful, if the warlike Shizoku will permit it.

And should they force Japan into war, they will strike suddenly and swiftly. We have learned a lesson by the war with China. War was declared by Japan on August 1, 1894, yet six days prior to that time one of their men-of-war fired upon and sunk a vessel under the English flag (July 25, 1894). In this connection it is also well to know that Japan has doubled her army and trebled her navy, and that Japanese chauvinism does not express itself in words but in deeds.

R. van Bergen.

HEART'S TREASURE TROVE.

I love her, and would tell her so,
In verse the sweetest ever penned,
Whose music, deep as rivers' flow,
Would all her own love apprehend.

She'll read the rhyméd lines I make,
And hearken to the thoughts they stir;
The verse, like Aeol harp will wake
With meaning new, inbreathed from her.

Enriched it will return to me,
And sweeter will its message ring;
An empty ship, it put to sea—
Back-wafted, comes with her I sing.

Frederic L. Luqueer.

THE TUSKEGEE, ALA., NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE.

It is very difficult to give a satisfactory idea of the magnitude and variety of work done at Tuskegee. The only way to know the school is to see it. Rev. Dr. Whiton, of the "Outlook," on a recent visit to the school said: "I thought I had a very good knowledge of Tuskegee and I expected to see a great institution, but I was not prepared for anything like this."

The school was opened July 4, 1881. It has enrolled, this year up to date, 1,100 normal students. A model school of 200 children is also taught on the school grounds. There are about 80 teachers, many of them with families. At least 1,500 people are involved in the daily operations of the school. A graduate of the class of '89 says he can remember the time, when he was a student, that he used to bring food from Tuskegee on Saturday night sufficient to last till Monday in a wheelbarrow. Now a simple meal for the students alone requires two barrels of flour, fifteen bushels of sweet potatoes, a barrel of syrup and 300 pounds of meat.

At Tuskegee, side by side with the literary training, there is carried on a regular system of industrial training. The literary course is not unlike that of a High School course at the North, except for local peculiarities suggested by the needs of the people. The industrial course includes practical and theoretical training in every form of labor required, not only in caring for a community of 1,500 people, but also for doing the skilled labor for the surrounding country. The students cultivate 600 acres of land with the purpose of raising, just as far as possible, the food necessary for the school. In doing this they are taught the best methods of farming, including stock, poultry and fruit raising, dairying, horticulture and the care of bees. The

Legislature, at its session last winter, established at Tuskegee an agricultural experiment station, the first, for colored people, in the history of the state. A splendid brick building, costing \$10,000, is now nearly completed, which will be used wholly for the work of the agricultural department. The milking and care of 40 cows, raising of calves, colts, sheep and hogs, along with the care of 100 head of horses, mules and oxen required in the daily work of the school, will give some idea of the details in this department.

The school brickyard is the only one in the county. It turns out annually over a million bricks. The sawmill furnishes a large part of the lumber required by the school. Along with it there is a planing mill, a lath mill and a saw for cutting wood for the school, also a complete set of wood-working machinery. With this is made a large part of the school furniture, besides pulpits, altar railings, pew ends and all sorts of trimmings for buildings. The blacksmith shop has ten forges, always busy. The foundry has two cupolas, and can make almost every variety of large and small castings. It has made the castings for two steam engines, a steam pump and several stoves. The machine shop has a separate engine, and is well equipped and managed. It has completed the engines and steam pump cast in the foundry, and is of great service to the county. Repairs on cotton gins, grist mills, and sawmills, that used to be made in Montgomery, are now made here. The printing office is run by an engine made at the school. It has a very large patronage outside of the school. The harness and shoe shops are always busy with repairs and new work. The tin shop does all the tinning on buildings, and makes the tin vessels for the school. The wheel-

wright shop has a large repair business, and makes a great deal of new work, including wagons, beautiful buggies, surreys, carts and wheelbarrows. The paint shop looks after buildings, paints the vehicles, and also includes upholstering and carriage trimming. The tailor shop repairs and cleans clothing, and is having a growing business in the making of uniforms for the students. The girls find work in the mattress factory and printing office; they make dresses, underclothing, make and trim hats; they look after the cooking, housekeeping, nursing and the great work of the laundry, where over 25,000 pieces are handled each month, without machinery. An idea of the magnitude of the work done by the students may be gained from the fact that last year, at an average of 4 cents per hour, they paid over \$45,000 towards their expenses. All forms of work now required by the school are done by the students. Plans for our largest buildings are drawn under the direction of our teacher of architecture. A chapel, to seat 2,500 people, is now going up. Students prepared the materials and are putting them in place. The first blessing conferred by every dollar given to Tuskegee is to help a student pay his way in school. While doing this he gets an education and a trade, and the money still remains on the school grounds in the form of buildings or other improvements.

The Bible Training School affords a three years' course in the English bible and such other studies as tend to fit young people for Christian work, either in the ministry, Y. M. C. A. or Sunday-school.

The resident physician, assisted by a trained nurse, conducts a training school for nurses. Practical work is afforded in the school hospital. A free dispensary is open to the public every Saturday, the only charge being for medicines.

For some years Mrs. Washington has held meetings for the country women that gather on Saturdays in

the streets of Tuskegee. This has come to be a very effective way of reaching the homes of the people. In connection with the work for the women the children are also gathered from the street, and taught in an afternoon school. She has also organized a club for colored business men. On a large plantation, some miles from the school, Mrs. Washington has lately established a sort of college settlement or Toynbee Hall, in a one-room cabin. Here one of our graduates lives, and her daily life serves as a model to the people of the plantation. This is probably the first effort of the kind among colored people. The annual Negro Conference brings together each year a thousand or more farmers from almost every Southern state, as the guests of the school. At Commencement from five to ten thousand are present. These are great days for the masses of the plainest people, the only day in school that most of them ever enjoy. Much work is done by Tuskegee in assisting in the organization of local conferences, holding farmer's institutes, visiting schools, attending commencements, assisting graduates in their work, and having a general oversight of many branch schools. In the midsummer Tuskegee offers a summer assembly to preachers, teachers and others, with their families, for rest, recreation and study. Buildings are open to all and only a nominal charge is made for board and washing. In the summer, many of our own graduates and the graduates of other schools come to take courses in the sciences, and to get further instruction in the various industries, one in horse-shoeing, another in carpentry, another in dressmaking, millinery or nursing. Tuskegee's doors are never closed. The night school continues throughout all the year, except August. The industries never stop. All our teachers from the beginning have been colored.

Booker T. Washington,

Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee, Ala.



THE CLUB AS A FACTOR IN WOMAN'S LIFE.

"There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a place to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper yes or no,
There's not a life or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it."

The Scriptures say: "A wise woman buildeth her house;" Frederick Morrison—that woman is the coming scientist and essayist; F. Marion Crawford—that she is the coming novelist; Robert Ingersoll speaks of her as the coming orator, and Phillips Brooks said that she is the coming preacher.

All women, says Fanny I. Helmuth, ex-President of Sorosis, are good—viz., good for something or good for nothing, and every organization formed for their improvement is only one more step toward that realization of our highest ideals, "earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected."

It is united effort that has unlocked all doors of success for men; it is the want of it that still keeps women fast behind barred doors in India China. With the organization of women under the broad and generous shibboleth, "Unity in Diversity," a new hu-

manity was conceived, and which, when born, will not know force and fraud, and hatred, but will let love and charity, the natural ties, bind men and women together.

Edward Everett Hale is credited with replying to the question, "When should the education of a child begin?" "One hundred years before its birth."

This can only be accomplished through the uplifting and ennobling of the mother part of humanity. Upon her depends the elevation of mankind; and as "a stream rises no higher than its source," so the mother-part inherited by a son or a daughter can rise no higher than the height, breadth and scope of his or her maternal ancestors. The introduction of the club was the initial spoke in the wheel of the evolution of a nobler race.

All through the career of our race, as we stated before, men have had the

advantage of working in organization. When woman has learned, and this she must learn by herself, to get over the ground as efficiently as her brother, then, and not until then, shall she be nearing the ideal state wherein men and women shall be members of one body, and the forward movement of humanity be a rhythmic march in all things which make for progress, from the training of a child to the governing of an empire. The sense of freedom among women at the present day is a significant fact.

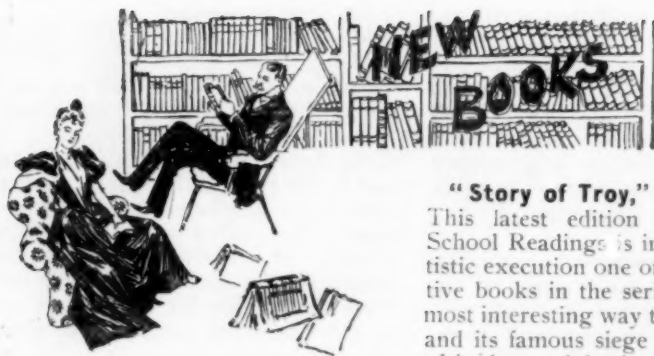
It is in the atmosphere pervading every-day life, as an outcome of our civilization, and one of the most striking features in connection with the revolt against the repressive influences of the past, in which woman claimed no right to individual opinion, is the extreme womanliness which characterizes her movements. The woman, self-sustained, conscious of her own integrity, comes forth in all the strength of her best feminine characteristics to demand her birth-right—not the mess of pottage which once nourished her half-starved mental, moral and intellectual nature, but the ripened fruits that education and unhampered existence have laid at her feet. Fed by

these the true wife, the true mother, the true woman, survives above the shrinking, timid creature who was once the prototype and embodiment of the ideal in woman.

Allow a woman the largest liberty in thought and action, increase her self-respect by making her feel and realize the force that she is an individual, and not a chattel, and it is along these lines of intellectual action that a woman in all her grand personality can be developed; but it is a personality that cannot be developed from within. It needs the experience, the judgment, the social and intellectual influences, which lift her out of her own environment to the larger plane of other lives.

The executive ability which women derive from the direction of purely social or charitable organizations can be utilized in club management. Woman can be elevated from a narrow existence by the impetus of intellectual strength. In religion and in philanthropy we see women to-day breaking down the sectarian and conventional barriers, to come forth with the freedom of personal judgment which has been fortified by club experience and education.

Ida Trafford-Bell.



"A Study of English Words," by J. M. Anderson.—The purpose of this book is to furnish in a form suitable for school or private study a summary of the most important facts relating to the English language, with special reference to the growth and change of English words. It is based on standard authorities and embodies the most recent and authoritative results in the study of philology. The plan of the book is simple, and the study is made interesting and attractive, as well as instructive. The work includes a brief treatment of the general principles of language growth as exemplified in the Indo-European languages, and a study of the different elements of English, showing the growth of our language from its original Germanic, French, Latin, Greek and other roots into a new language of greater strength and universality than its predecessors. The chapters on words, their growth, changes, forms, meanings, spelling, and synonyms, and the treatment of roots, stems, prefixes, suffixes, etc., will be found particularly useful to young students, giving them a discriminating knowledge of words and a training in the accurate use of language. Cloth, 12mo, 118 pages. Price, 40 cents. (American Book Company, New York.)

"Story of Troy," by M. Clarke.—

This latest edition to the Eclectic School Readings is in literary and artistic execution one of the most attractive books in the series. It tells in a most interesting way the story of Troy, and its famous siege and destruction: of its brave defenders and heroes of 3,000 years ago, whose wonderful exploits have been celebrated in story and song by the greatest poets and historians of ancient times. The purpose of this book is to treat these classic subjects in such a way as to bring them within the reach and comprehension of young readers at a time when their study will inspire the mind with lofty ideals and a taste for the best kind of reading. A short account of Homer, the father of poetry, and of the gods and goddesses who played such an important part in the great events to be related, is first given as a suitable introduction to the book. Then follow the connected stories which form the chief subjects of the book.

These are interspersed with numerous poetical extracts, chiefly from Pope's and Bryant's translations of the Iliad which lend additional force and interest to the narrative as well as illustrate the style and beauty of the great epic. The illustrations form a special and attractive feature in this as in the other books of the series. These include many full page reproductions of famous works of art selected with reference to their value in elucidating the text, and many original sketches of beautiful design. Cloth, 12mo, 255 pages. Illustrated. Price, 60 cents. (American Book Company, New York.)

"Stories from Arabian Nights."

Selected and edited by M. Clarke. —Of all the famous stories handed down to us from the past none have afforded more entertainment and delight to the young and old of every land than these. Though the oldest stories in existence, they are as fresh and charming to-day as when they were first told. Their origin, like the stories themselves, is involved in mystery. It is not known who their author was, or in what country or at what time they were first written. They were preserved for many centuries in oral form and handed down from generation to generation by the nomadic tribes of Oriental lands. They were first reduced to writing in Arabic,—hence their common title,—Arabian Tales, or Nights. Early in the last century the original stories were brought in manuscript to Europe, where they were translated into French and afterward into every other language of the civilized world.

Notwithstanding these stories are of the deepest interest to children and instructive as pictures of oriental scenes and customs, they are not generally read by the young people of the present. The reason for this is that they have hitherto been published in rare editions, too expensive and inconvenient for general readers. What has long been needed—a selection of the most interesting and instructive of these stories carefully made and edited by a competent authority—is furnished in this book. The best of the stories from the Arabian Nights are here retold with such skill as to preserve all their original charm and attractive-

ness, while adapting them in form and expression for school use or for home reading. The book itself is well printed, attractively bound, and illustrated. Linen, 12mo, 271 pages. Illustrated. Price, 60 cents. (American Book Company, New York.)

The fourth of the pamphlet series of collections of fugitive rhymes by Franklyn W. Lee has just been issued. It is entitled "Hearts," and is given up to tender love rhymes, bound in white covers as emblematic of the purity of sentiment within. The next issue from the press of the "Post," Rush City, Minn., will be "The Sphinx of Gold, and Other Sonnets," a group of twelve hitherto unpublished sonnets by Mr. Lee.

"Songs of Happy Life" is a collection of original and selected compositions, designed for use in public schools and in Bands of Mercy.

The music has received the indorsement of Mr. Emory P. Russell. Contributors of compositions include Mr. Leonard B. Marshall, Hugh A. Clark, Miss Kate S. Chittenden and Mr. Russell.

Many of the poems are from standard authors, among them the following: S. T. Coleridge, Jane Taylor, James Russell Lowell, J. G. Whittier, William Cullen Bryant, Lucy Larcon, Celia Thaxter, Emilie Poulsson, Mary E. Wilkins, and Edith M. Thomas; and includes selections suitable for "Bird Day," "Arbor Day," "May Day," etc. Stiff board covers, 30 cents; Japanese Sea-Moss covers, 40 cents. (Art and Nature Study Publishing Co., Providence, R. I.)



Boiled Lobster—A lobster of medium size requires about fifteen minutes' boiling. The fish will float when cooked.

Broiled Lobster—Wash and place on a tin tray. Then with a sharp knife cut in two, beginning at the brain. Crack the claws and joints, and put on the broiler, now and then spreading a little butter on the fish. It will cook in ten minutes over hot coals. Serve with melted butter. Many persons think that this is a cruel way to cook lobster, but commencing at the brain to cut kills it at once, and is, perhaps, less painful to the fish than putting it in boiling water.

Baked Lobster—Make a white sauce of milk, butter and flour; cut up the meat of a lobster and stir into the sauce; put in a large dish, or in individual shells; sprinkle over it some bread crumbs and put in a hot oven for ten minutes, or until a rich brown.

Huckleberry Cake—Two-and-a-half cups sifted flour; quarter cup of butter; one egg; three teaspoonfuls baking powder; one pint huckleberries. Cream butter and sugar; add egg and mix thoroughly; stir in milk, then flour, in which the baking powder is well mixed; beat rapidly, and stir in the berries gently; bake in but-

tered pans, about half an hour. When cooked, place one layer on top of the other, after spreading with butter. Serve hot.

An inviting dish for lunch or tea—One pound lean chopped uncooked beef; one small onion, chopped fine; some chopped parsley; one tablespoonful of flour; one tablespoonful of butter; pepper and salt to suit the taste; cook the onion in the butter on a frying pan until a light brown; season the meat and mix through it thoroughly the flour and parsley, and put in the frying pan, and stir constantly with a large fork for five minutes. Serve at once.

Another—One pound chopped uncooked beef; one cup bread crumbs, dried; four tablespoons of fresh bread crumbs; eight tablespoonfuls of milk; one tablespoonful butter; three slices fat salt pork; one tablespoonful onion juice (squeeze in a lemon squeezer); pepper and salt to taste. After the fresh bread crumbs have soaked in the milk for about fifteen minutes, add the seasoned meat; melt the butter and mix through the meat. Make balls or cakes of this mixture. Fry the pork in the frying pan until crisp, and then remove. Put the balls or cakes into the hot fat and fry to a light brown.

to wait until you are a man to go to war; you can begin to fight now, and you will have a battle daily with your every untruthfulness, but fight until you vanquish him."



LITTLE FOLKS' DEPARTMENT

OF

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

BY AUNT MARGARET

George Meritt wanted to be a soldier, and even when a very little boy he liked to play soldier better than

anything else. He would take his papa's cane for a gun, give his brother Fred the drum, and make his baby sister march as soon as she could toddle.



He could always be kept quiet with stories of his "uncle, Colonel George," who was a real soldier, and had been to the real war, and when

and Nellie not to pick any peaches until he gave you permission. On Saturday, I heard you call Nellie, and a little later, from my window, saw you both picking the peaches. When your father said, 'Children, I hope you have not disobeyed me and picked the peaches.' You replied at once, 'No, sir! I have not,' but Nellie hung her head, and then your father said, 'Nellie, have you?' and you know her reply and must have seen her gentle look of reproach, as she meekly went to her room to have only bread and milk for her supper.

"It seems to me that you were afraid to tell the truth.

"My dear George, you do not need

boy for your age, and have always been used to horses. And then that horse was old and gentle and only a little frightened. Now, I do not think you are as brave as your sister Nellie."

"Nellie! Nellie brave! Why, uncle George, you don't know Nellie. She is a little coward. Only the other night she ran screaming down stairs, because I stood in her room with a sheet over me."

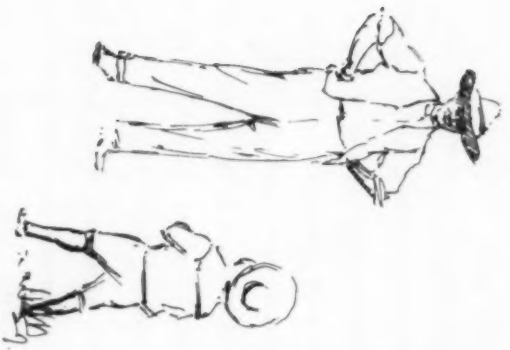
"Poor little Nellie. I am not at all surprised. It was very wrong for you to frighten her, and I am sure that if I tried I could give even you a good scare. But I will tell you why I think Nellie is braver than you are."

"I heard your father tell you, Fred

his uncle was visiting them he would beg for story after story of the war.

As George grew older he wanted to be thought brave by everybody. The small boys could always rely on him to take their part, and the little girls would keep their big brothers from teasing them by promising to tell George.

One afternoon, when George was about fourteen years old, he was reading on the piazza; suddenly he heard shouting, and, looking up, saw a horse and carriage, with an old lady in it, coming down the road at full speed. He ran to the road and succeeded in catching the lines, which the lady had dropped in her fright. Her daughter



had left the carriage to make a short calling, feeling that the old horse was safe. But some boy had frightened him with a firecracker.

George was praised by everybody and began to think that he was one of

the bravest boys that ever lived, and that when he became a man he would surely be a great general.

It was not long after this event that his soldier uncle came to visit his parents and George said to him, "Uncle, why don't you go to Cuba and help those poor fellows? If I were a man I would get a company, and I tell you we'd do some brave fighting."

"Why do you think you are so brave, George?" his uncle asked. George looked at him in great surprise.

"Everybody thinks I am brave. Haven't you heard about my stopping that runaway horse?"

"Yes, but you are a large, strong

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To further introduce the magazine into new families. **THE COLUMBIAN** today has the largest circulation of any publication in this territory except the Youth's Companion. At our present rate we shall soon pass it. Our last contest for the largest list of words from the nine letters in the word **COLUMBIAN** proved highly successful. The full list of prize winners was published in a recent issue. To further familiarize its name throughout the world we offer hundreds of valuable and attractive prizes to the readers of this and other papers who can form the greatest number of words from the twelve letters in the two words **THE COLUMBIAN**. Don't delay.

Here are samples: the, tea, can, calm, cabin, am, aim, bin, lamb, etc. Every person who makes a list of fifteen words or more will receive a prize. You can think up words with the help given you above. The person sending in the largest number of words made from the twelve letters in the words **THE COLUMBIAN** will receive \$100, the second \$50, the two next \$10 each, the two next a fine bicycle each, the four next \$5 each, the five next a good American watch each, the ten next \$1 each.

SPECIAL! In addition to the above grand prizes we shall give away absolutely free hundreds of dollars worth of Prize Budgets to all who send lists of fifteen words or more. Prize Budgets sent, all charges prepaid, same day as lists are received. Grand Prizes will be awarded as soon as possible after close of contest, which will be on Christmas eve, and list of winners published in first possible issue thereafter. Remember, every contestant sending a list of fifteen words or more will receive by immediate return a Prize Budget consisting of book of over seventy novels and stories, by most popular authors, a score of late songs, with words and music, a great collection of jokes, magic tricks, puzzles, parlor games, cooking and money making receipts, secrets of toilet, How to Tell Fortunes, Dictionary of Dreams. Entertainment for months to come.

To Enter the Contest, you must send two dimes, or 25c in stamps for trial subscription to January 1, 1898, with your list of words. Every person sending a subscription with list of fifteen words or more will receive **THE COLUMBIAN** until January 1, 1898, a Prize Budget Free, sent same day list is received, and a Grand Prize according to length of list. We guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Any publisher or bank in this city can be referred to as to our reliability. We make these big offers to thoroughly establish **THE COLUMBIAN** as a National Literary success. Make up your list at once and send two dimes or 25c in stamps. Address The Columbian, 13-17 Otis St., Boston, Mass.

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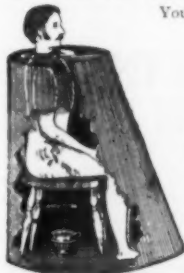
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